THE BYSTANDER
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No 1442. Vol. CXI

the BYSTANDER

SCUDDING BEFORE THE WIND

Mr. S. A. Andreae, one of our keenest and most able amateur yachtsmen, at the wheel of his big yacht "Candida," which he is racing at Cowes again this year. Involuntary shower-baths are frequent when there is a gusty wind blowing and the deck of a racing yacht is no place for those who have not their "sea-legs"

ROYAL EXILES AT LITTLE PADDOCKS

England is noted as a home for Royal exiles and her hospitable shores provide a pleasant sanctuary for members of several once-reigning houses. Above are seen ex-Queen Sophie of Greece (left), ex-King George of Greece, Mrs. Horlick, the hostess, Prince Paul, Princess Irene, Miss Katherine Horlick, and Princess Hélène of Roumania at Little Paddocks, Lieut.-Colonel James Horlick's beautiful residence near Ascot, a view of which is seen in the upper photograph

the passing hour

The scene during the religious ceremony in the Royal Palace at Siniai during the wedding of Princess Ileana, the twenty-two-year-old sister of King Carol of Roumania, and the Archduke Anton, the second surviving son of the Archduke Leopold Salvator of Hapsburg. After the ceremony, during which one of the tall candles on the high altar crashed to the ground, the bride avoided the embrace of her mother, Queen Marie

THE Garden Party is over, and Goodwood is over, and the majority of the inhabitants of Mayfair has scattered to the four winds. The Embassy Club has closed its doors until September 22. Lord Beaverbrook has gone to New Brunswick in the Empress of Britain. The Duke and Duchess of York are at Cowes. Deauville is filling up fast —many people flying there direct in two or three hours, while the new service from Southampton to St. Malo is also taking its toll of passengers.

S

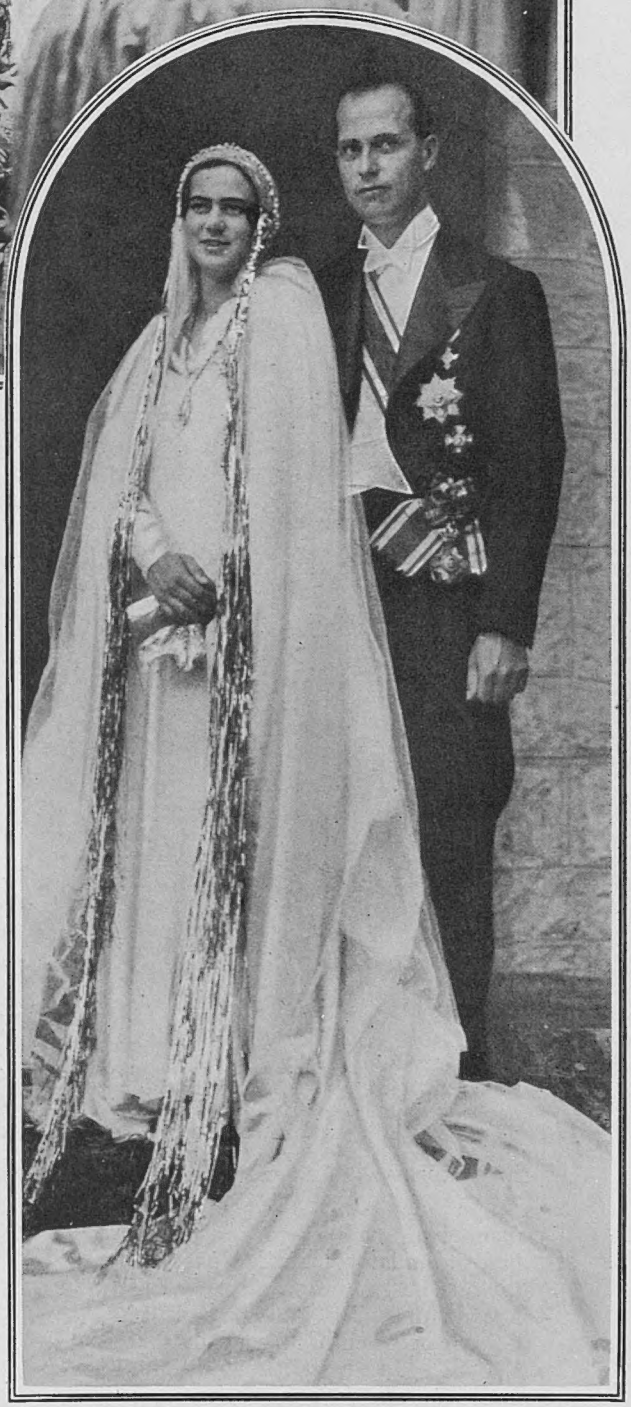
SEVERAL of the smart restaurants, however, are remaining open in London, the Café de Paris and the Malmaison among them. It was at the Malmaison the other day that I saw the Duke and Duchess of York in a large party. The Duchess was in a petunia-coloured frock that set off her dark hair excellently. They have been a very busy couple during the last few days. They went to Paris to see the Colonial Exhibition, then went to the Royal Garden Party, and also were in evidence at Heston during the King's Cup race.

S

I WAS staying down at Stoneleigh Abbey, in Warwickshire, during the latter event. It so happened that it was on the route, and from about 10 a.m. onwards one aeroplane after another roared over the Deer Park, and disappeared in the pouring rain. It did not surprise me at all that so many of the entries had forced landings. I was very glad for my host and hostess that none of the forced landings occurred on their roof.

S

STONELEIGH is a lovely old place, being a mixture of eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth and eighteenth - century architecture. Some of the oaks in the Deer Park are over 1,500 years old. They are, in fact, all that remain of the Forest of Arden, and there is a strong local belief that Shakespeare wrote at least one of his plays beneath the largest of them. Stoneleigh itself used to be an abbey, and the huge refectory table is still to be seen in one of the old stone basements.



Princess Ileana and the Archduke Anton of Hapsburg after their wedding at Siniai. The bride wore a dress of ivory satin with a veil worked with gold and silver thread

RACING DAYS AT COWES

NOT so far from Stoneleigh is Luton Hoo, the property of Lady Ludlow, who must be one of the richest widows in England. Her husband, the late Sir Julius Wernher, and father of Lady Zia Wernher's husband, who recently bought all those theatres in London, left her something in the neighbourhood of ten million pounds. Luton Hoo is an immense and lovely place, and the ideal background for a garden party like the one Lady Ludlow gave the other afternoon, with a band of Life Guardsmen and a cabaret of Italian singers. Incidentally, Lady Ludlow has, I believe, seven motor cars, including four Rolls-Royces.

Hay Wrightson

LADY ELIZABETH YORKE

Whose wedding to the Hon. Thomas William Coke, the elder son of Viscount and Viscountess Coke and grandson of the Earl of Leicester, will take place on October 1 at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke

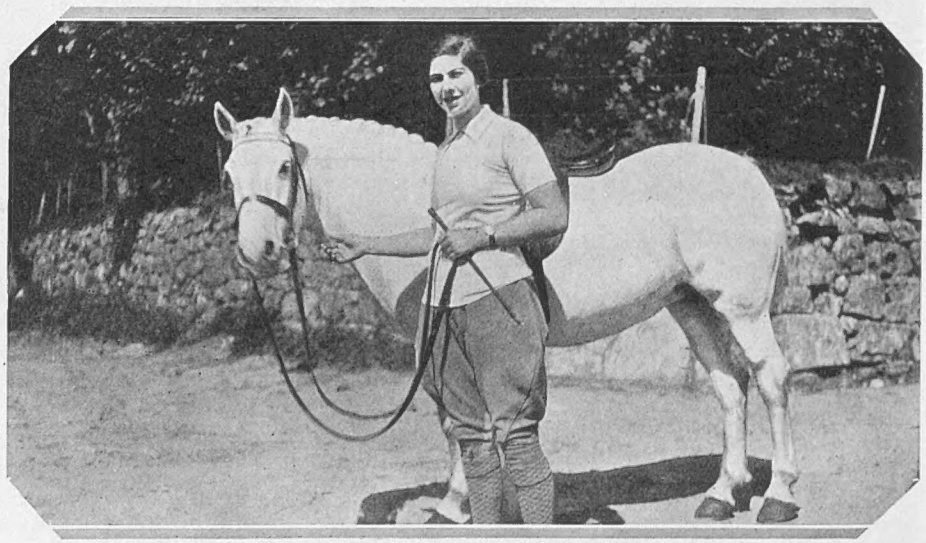
S

SHE is now at Cowes, where the Royal Thames Yacht Club was holding its annual regatta last week. Shamrock, Britannia, Westward, Astra and Candida all took part in the races. Britannia, with her new rig, has been doing very well recently. She was last, however, in the Handicap Match for yachts of the J Class. The same day Mr. Patrick Egan, who owns King Alfonso's 50-ton cutter Hispania, was unlucky enough to be caught on the wrong side of the line, and, being scratch boat, was never able to make up the 18 minutes she lost in this way. The race was won by Adastra, Sir W. Dyke Acland's auxiliary yawl, which has been doing very well this year.

The Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," with the King and Queen on board, steaming into Cowes Roads last week. On the left of the photograph is H.M.S. Malaya, which has been doing duty as guardship

S

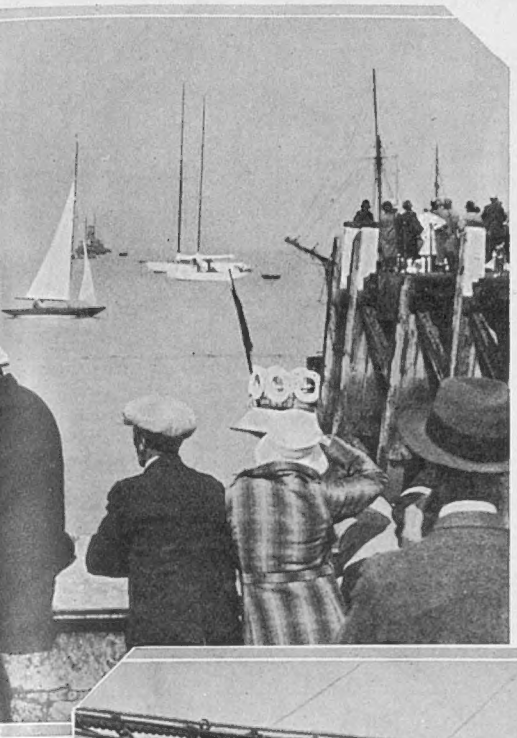
ONE of the most interesting personalities at Cowes is Madame Heriot, the keenest yachtswoman in France. Madame Heriot is quite elderly, but also quite tireless. She is largely responsible for the popularity of yachting in her native country, and the regattas of Cannes and Deauville would be as incomplete



IN A FAR SUTHERLANDSHIRE LANE

Lady Mary Grosvenor, the younger daughter of the Duke of Westminster, with her favourite pony, Meg, at Kylestrone, one of her father's lodges in Sutherlandshire, where she is spending the summer. The Duke has been fishing the waters up there, and has had some big catches

A DELIGHTFUL DANCE



in her absence as Mr. Berry Wall would be without his chow or large flapping collar.

ONE of the most conspicuous absentees from Cowes this year is Margaret Lady Glentanar. Hamlet Lodge is taken this year by Lord and Lady Dorchester. Many members of the public think of this name only in terms of the fashionable hotel in Park Lane. Lord and Lady Dorchester, however, are a very charming and popular couple.

ALSO staying at Cowes are Lord Albemarle, Captain the Hon. Henry Denison, famous for his remarkable nineteenth-century waistcoats, Sir Henry MacMahon, and Lady Cynthia Colville and her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill paid a fleeting visit the other day to Lord Inchcape's marvellous new steam yacht Rover. There are also three Dutch schooners, with their owners on board.

ONE of the winding-up dances of the Season was given last week by Mrs. Hugh Flower, who is the charming daughter of that well-known Victorian personality, the late Lord Claud Hamilton, and grand-

Navana

MISS WINIFRED FOTHERGILL

Whose engagement to Mr. Arthur Geoffrey Dyke Acland, the second son of Sir Francis and Lady Acland, of Killerton, Exeter, has been announced. She is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel S. R. Fothergill, of Lowbridge, Westmorland, and the late Mrs. Fothergill

daughter of James, Duke of Abercorn, affectionately known to many of the "old brigade" as "Old Splendid." The dance was given at Mrs. Hugh Flower's studio in Chelsea, supper being served upstairs in the gallery overlooking the dancers. Mrs. Hugh Flower's son, Mr. Peter Flower, helped to receive the guests, and Southwick's band played into the small hours of the morning, and a very merry party declared it was one of the best dances of the Season.

Although His Majesty is playing no part in the Regatta at Cowes this year, his health has been improving so steadily of late that next year we may once again see him at the wheel of "Britannia," on board which the above photograph was taken a few years ago

TO turn to Scotland, I am afraid that a poor grouse season is to be expected. The rain in the middle of June was the cause of many of the young birds drowning. Even on the moors, where an unusually large number of birds were left over from last year, the bags will be barely normal.

IN Aberdeenshire there is no disease but the heather is late. In Braemar the outlook for grouse is quite

(Continued on page 272)

CUPID'S VERY BUSY WEEK:

Miss Kathleen Greenwood, the daughter of Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Minister for Health, cutting the cake at the reception held at Admiralty House after her wedding to Mr. Terence Cotter, who is standing next to her. Miss Margaret Bondfield and Mr. J. H. Thomas, both of whom are seen in the group, were among the many politicians present at the wedding, which nearly caused a Government defeat, and only a stern sense of duty made many Labour M.P's forgo a second glass of champagne

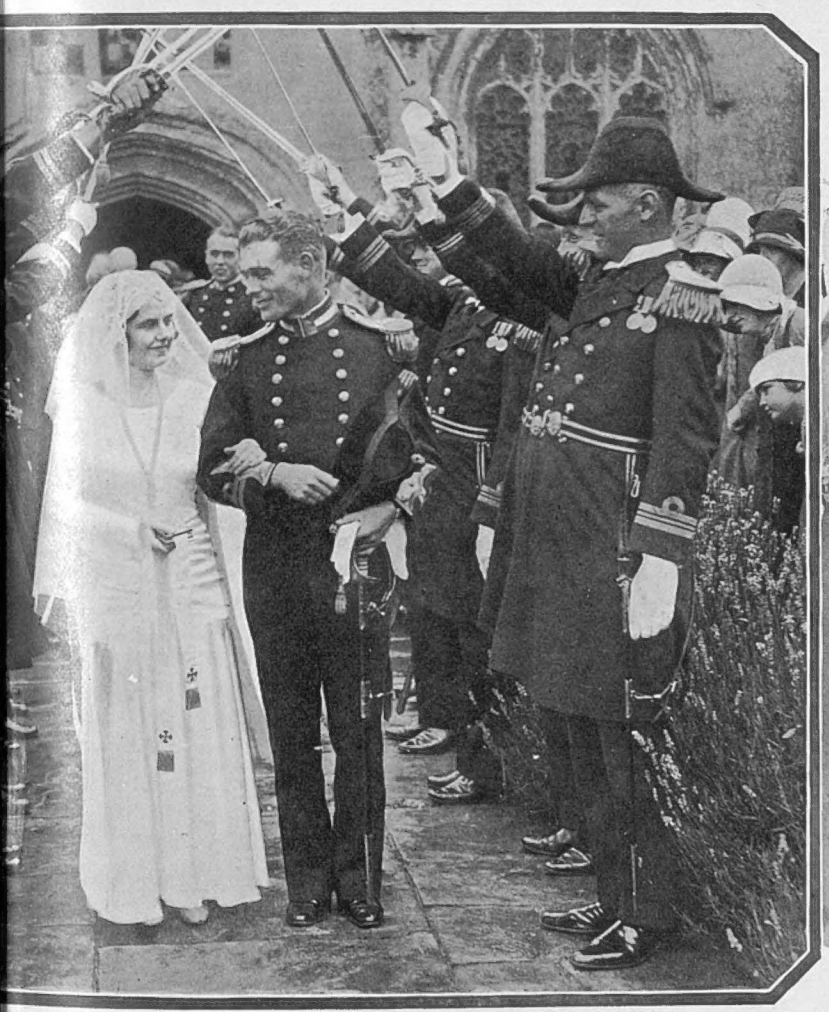
Mr. Michael Bull, the third son of Mr. William Perkins Bull, K.C., and Miss Noreen Hennessy after their wedding at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street. The bride is the third daughter of Sir George Hennessy, M.P., and of Lady Hennessy

Mr. Dennis Hicks Robson and his bride, Miss Mary Orpen, leaving Brompton Oratory. The bride, who is the eldest daughter of Sir William Orpen, R.A., and of Lady Orpen, was given away by her uncle, Mr. Arthur Orpen

Lieutenant Kenneth Phi Guard of Honour provided in Wiltshire. The bride is the bridegro

WEDDINGS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Left: The bridesmaids leaving St. Peter's Church, Hever, after the wedding between Captain Ririd Myddleton, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Margaret Mercer Nairne, only daughter of Lady Violet Astor and the late Lord Charles Mercer Nairne and the stepdaughter of Major J. J. Astor, Chairman of "The Times" Publishing Co. They are Lady Colleen Wellesley, Lady Willa Elliot, Lady Violet Baring, Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice, Miss Diana Churchill and the Hon. Anne Wood



Mackenzie Edwards, R.N., and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Kathleen Martin, passing the the bridegroom's brother officers after their wedding at the Church of the Holy Cross, Seend, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Martin, of Seend House and New York City, and is the son of Brig.-General and Mrs. J. B. Edwards, of Threeways, Seend

Captain Ririd Myddleton and Miss Margaret Mercer Nairne photographed after their wedding at the parish church at Hever. The bridegroom is the son of Colonel R. E. Myddleton, of Chirk Castle, Wales

TAKING THE CURE ON THE CONTINENT

(Continued from page 269)

good, and deer stalking ought to have a definitely good season. If the Duke of York goes to Glamis he will find conditions excellent. But in Argyllshire things are definitely poor, as they also are in Ross and Cromarty and Perthshire and Inverness-shire. Lammermoors West must look forward to the poorest season since the War.

To return to London, the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace had Royal weather, unlike the similar function in Scotland a few days previously, when a sudden downpour occurred, and the Queen herself hurried off to find the King and take him in out of the rain. At Buckingham Palace there seemed to be more people than ever. The King and Queen were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York, the Prince of Wales and Prince George, as well as other members of the Royal Family.

One of the prettiest girls there was Lady Joan Villiers. She was accompanied by her mother, Lady Cynthia Slessor, whose husband has been in a nursing home for the past few days. Lady Joan and her mother, stepfather, and brothers and sisters nowadays divide their time between their house in London and a house in the country which they bought recently. Osterley Park, where they used to live, is now reigned over by Lord Jersey, who recently came of age.

Right up to the evening when it closed down until September, the Embassy Club was crowded with guests. It has had a very successful season, although perhaps affected a little by the Malmaison. One of the Embassy's most inveterate inhabitants has been Colonel Cripps, who has recovered so rapidly from his bad fall. I also saw Lord and Lady Sackville there. Lord Sackville is a very keen dancer, but what a contrast it must be to Knole!

Germany looks as though it is going to be a fashionable place in which to take the cure. The Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Buchanan-Jardine are among the well-knowns who are visiting Freiburg. The Buchanan-Jardines had been seriously thinking for some time of selling their marvellous collection of jade. They have decided against this, however, but are intending to dispose of their Town house in St. James's. Trade is bad in China, as it is throughout the whole world, and even Jardine Mathieson is affected.

The Infantas Maria Christina and Beatrix of Spain and their brother, the Infante Juan, on their way to the nursing home in Paris in which Princess Isabelle of Spain died. The Infanta Beatrix recently became engaged to her cousin, Prince Alvaro of Bourbon-Orleans. The sensational rumour in the Press that King Alfonso had abdicated in favour of the Infante Juan was strenuously denied by the King

At Carlsbad is Mr. Bertram Mills, whose son Bernard was married the other day. Mr. Mills has had a minor relapse, I am afraid, and I doubt very much whether he will be able to organise any more Circuses at Olympia. This would be bad news for London if it were not for the fact that he has trained his two very able young sons so thoroughly that they know just where to look for new talent and then how best to exploit it when they have found it. London without its circus at Christmas would be a place of desolation for children.

Speaking generally, it would appear that the German crisis has not affected any of the spas, either in Germany itself, or on the borders of Czecho-Slovakia. I hear that some of the big travel agencies report a slight decrease in the number of bookings. And yet it is surprising how little the visitor is affected by internal conditions. I have twice been in a foreign city when a revolution was going on without my knowing anything about it. Nothing is more imperturbable than a de luxe hotel, except, perhaps, a de luxe concierge.

To revert to London again, the chief events of the past few days have been the wedding of Lady Violet Astor's daughter, Miss Mercer Nairne; the death of Lord Knutsford, the Prince of Beggars; and the drawn fight between Hood and Dundee. English referees certainly get their own back on the Americans where prize-fights are concerned. It would seem to be as difficult for a foreigner to win in England—unless he knocks his man out—as it is for an Englishman to win in America.

Miss Mercer Nairne's wedding was a very picturesque affair. She was attended by three children—her half-brother, John Astor, in the uniform of an eighteenth-century Guards officer, Lady Colleen Wellesley, and Lady Willa Elliot—in addition to four grown-up bridesmaids. The latter wore wreaths of red, blue and yellow flowers on their head-dresses, and carried bouquets of blue and red flowers. It all took place in the tiny church of St. Peter's, at Hever, so there was not very much room for the guests.

Poor Lord Knutsford! He was a great man, and quite inimitable in his success at raising money for the London Hospital. He must have secured actually millions for it. Even though he is dead his influence will still be felt. For many people must have mentioned the London Hospital in their wills, and are not likely to alter it just because he is dead. Actually he raised £250,000 a year for

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

The White Mice, who defeated the Starboard Lights "A" in the final of the Holford Challenge Cup at the Beaufort Tournament, seen with Mrs. Edgar Brassey, who presented the cup and prizes The players are Mr. P. W. Paget (left), Capt. A. W. M. S. Pilkington, Mr. H P. Guinness and Mr. R. L Findlay

thirty-five years. He is succeeded by his twin-brother, Mr. Arthur Holland-Hibbert.

GOODWOOD'S weather is a matter of real financial concern to at least two people—the Duke of Richmond and Captain Joliffe. Captain Joliffe does the catering for the meeting, while the Duke of Richmond, of course, depends for his annual income to a large extent on the receipts of the meeting.

MR. J. W. SHILLAN, who is a director of the Elto Motor Sales Company, entered no fewer than five racing motor boats for the International Meeting on the Thames at the end of last month, and scored a notable success when his speed dinghy Non Sequitur IX, piloted by Mr. C. Harrison, won the Duchess of York's Trophy at the recent International Motor Boat Meeting at Hythe, near Southampton, at a record speed of 34.08 m.p.h., despite the fact that the weather conditions were far from ideal, the water being quite rough and strong winds prevailing. Amongst other successes achieved by his boats are the bringing of the World's Outboard Speed Record to this country last year, and the winning of the "C" Class and "Unlimited" Class Scottish Championships.

The Melton Ladies' Team which took part in the Beaufort Polo Club's third annual tournament at Norton, near Malmesbury. Seen above are, from left to right, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, who flew to the ground equipped for play in her Puss Moth, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, Miss Lexie Wilson and Mr. G. Balding

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney."

SPEARWOOD was the medium for heavy 'blower" transactions at the recent Leicester meeting. Was again unplaced. Follow up over a mile and a quarter.

DENVER must not be discarded. Was heavily backed at Sandown. Her best performance this year was second to the smart Lady Trace at Epsom.

SCOTFORD is a three-star horse for an early race. Showed a return to form over five furlongs at Hurst Park on July 25, finishing third in an exciting race in a rainstorm. Was confidently supported.

SUNBATHER, following her smart display at Sandown, would have had a big following had she turned out for her Hurst Park engagement. On the up grade and her turn will come.

CARDBOARD is a smart youngster to follow in the North. Best performance this year was a short head second to Oregon Grape at Beverley in June.

TOM TIT III has been close up in three races this season and should not be missed on any account. Beaten two heads over a mile at Sandown

The Hon. Yoskyl Pearson, who took part in the Beaufort Club's Summer Tournament at Norton, chatting with Major L. Avery. Miss Pearson is a daughter of Lord and Lady Cowdray

Lord Beaverbrook taking his morning exercise in the Row accompanied by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell. He sailed for New Brunswick last week in the Empress of Britain

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

COWES two double two eight . . . six . . . Baa? . . . Hello! darling . . . how are you enjoying yourself? . . . Are your yachting get-ups a success? . . . So the Queen is looking well . . . Yes, she always spends a good deal of time ashore. . . . Have you been over to Bembridge? . . . All the usual devotees of sailing are there. . . . Sir Hercules Langrishe . . . without whom the Island would seem strange . . . and his son Pingo . . . the Mortons . . . and the good-looking secretary of the club, Stuart Little, and, of course, Ralph Gore and his popular wife. . . .

* * *

IF only the weather is fine . . . the Squadron gardens are such fun, everyone squeezed into such a tiny space . . . and I expect someone will give a dance in Rosa Lewis' house . . . with its charmingly decorated rooms . . . Lord Birkenhead will always be missed in Cowes Week . . . he was so energetic . . . his yacht was never stationary . . . every day he would take her out and then bathe when he was far away from the crowds . . . and he was such a familiar figure in the streets . . . generally accompanied by Pamela . . . his youngest daughter, and Jane . . . his beloved Cairn. . . .

* * *

I MET charming little Evelyn Beauchamp last week, off to stay with Lord Woolavington for Goodwood . . . who always has an amusing party . . . how lovely Evelyn is . . . she and her husband are one of the best-looking couples in London . . . Lady Cowdray had a house party at Cowdray Hall, and, of course, Goodwood House was full, including Princess Mary . . . I always think Goodwood is more fun than Ascot . . . it is more intimate, but everyone is there just the same. . . .

* * *

I RAN into the Café Anglais last week. . . . Hutch, who is still performing there, was in tremendous form . . . he really is a great artist . . . though I missed portions of his songs, alas! as a couple near by imagined we had paid 15*s.* 6*d.* for the dubious privilege of listening to their not very exciting conversation. . . .

* * *

EVERYONE tells me that violet is to be the winter colour. . . . Lady Lavery wore it at the Royal Garden Party . . . and looked very striking . . . personally, I find it very trying to the complexion. . . .

* * *

TERESA BERWICK looked perfectly lovely at the golden-wedding garden party of Lord and Lady Harlech . . . Teresa . . . who is half-Italian . . . is very fair, with blue eyes . . . her home is in Venice, which sounds so romantic . . . but she loves Attingham Hall . . . which is a wonderful treasure house . . . not all inherited . . . for Lord Berwick is a great book collector. . . .

* * *

BY the way, the Strathmores will celebrate their golden wedding next month . . . few people these days reach a cotton-wedding, or whatever is ten years together! Everyone is very intrigued that a well-known Duke, who is not an ardent theatre-goer as a rule, has visited a certain theatre every night for over a week . . . there is a very lovely leading lady there who is likely to attract anyone. . . .

* * *

AFTER the wonderful hot August we had last year a lot of people have decided to postpone their visit to Scotland until September. I only hope they will not be disappointed. . . . Margot Oxford and Asquith for one . . . she and Elizabeth Bibesco are going to Sutton-Courtney for August, and the Sydenhams will be at their charming house at Lamberhurst.

* * *

I LIKED the pink ostrich feathers which Noreen Hennessy's bridesmaids had on their large hats . . . ostrich feathers are getting larger and larger . . . Gloria Furness has a wonderful green one which reaches far down her shoulder, and Janet Campbell . . . Max Beaverbrook's daughter . . . has a long grey one. . . .

* * *

SO many of us will miss Lord Knutsford. He was not only a wonderful public character, but, like his brother, Arthur Holland-Hibbert, he had a great sense of humour and was the best company anyone could desire. . . . Arthur is a great sportsman . . . and though Lord Knutsford had little time for it . . . he was fond of stalking. . . .

* * *

WELL, darling, have you any more to tell me . . . of interest . . . Oh! May Cambridge is to be at Carisbrooke Castle . . . she is so sweet, isn't she? . . . but not quite so lovely as her mother . . . the Winston Churchills are on board the Rover! . . . I envy them, for she is a wonderful boat . . . and Lord Inchcape is an excellent host. . . . Have a good time, darling, and don't fall in . . . as a famous beauty did two years ago . . they say the sea was liquid powder for three tides. . . . Bless you. . . .

THE THEATRE VERNON WOODHOUSE on Celluloid Comedies versus Flesh-and-Blood Plays

The cinematograph, in "Late Night Final," at the Phœnix Theatre, has not only been equalled in constant changes of scene, but excelled in having more than one taking place at the same time. Above shows Mrs. Townsend (Louise Hampton) on the left, begging the editor of a gutter rag (Raymond Massey) not to tell the story of her forgotten past, a request refused, to the disgust of his secretary (Carol Goodner)

IN a recent issue in writing of the blight on the theatre I suggested that Sunday opening, although it might help to restore a measure of prosperity to the drama, was not the one and only method by which the competition of picture palaces could be fought successfully, and that until the "financial" manager, whose first and last thought was to fill his own pocket rather than the theatre, was eliminated, failures would continue to do incalculable harm to the stage.

I HAVE never suggested that the talkies are not a deadly rival to the theatre. They are, and they will become more deadly when a generation which was brought up in its youth to regard the theatre as the acme of pleasure will be supplanted by those who, perhaps, regard the screen in an even more favourable light. Forty years ago a child had no choice. It was the theatre or nothing. Now it is the talkie *and* the play to choose from, and the modern generation often chooses the film. This is an aspect of the question that makes things more difficult for the theatre, and is often overlooked.

IT is true that the novelty of "canned conversation," synchronising with photography, has worn off, and many talking films—like many stage plays—have been dismal failures; but the American cinematographic industry, which is really the only one which counts as yet, is so wealthy that its financial stability is not in the least impaired by a score of failures.

TO make a comparison in terms of commerce, the cinema magnates resemble a huge multiple store, while some small shops in a back street are our theatrical managers!

AND the huge capital of the pictures is used to the detriment of the theatre, not only by competing for those on pleasure bent, but by enticing away dramatists who previously had devoted all their time to writing plays.

IT is really good business financially for any dramatist to write film scenario and dialogue under a film contract over a series of years, and no one can blame a writer because he swallows the cinema substance rather than risk a certain income by toying with the stage shadow; but every dramatist who is so seduced from his earlier love not only increases both the power and prestige of the picture palace, but denudes the theatre of its life-blood.

Dorothy Wilding

Raymond Massey, who acts in "Late Night Final" and also produced it so brilliantly. Both as actor and producer he is much sought after by managers who wish to give of the best. A Canadian by birth, his first professional appearance was in 1921, so that in the short space of ten years he has made a big name for himself

A scene from "The Fountain of Youth," at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, showing how ill-advised excesses in drinking water from a magic spring has brought a second childhood to an elderly couple. The girl on the left is Daisy Dalebrook (Margery Hicklin) whose parents are being nursed, while her companion is Tim Hazel (John Thompson), to whom she is engaged. This very English and very amusing comic opera by W. Graham Robertson and Alfred Reynolds is drawing crowds Hammersmith way

Lenare

Adrianne Allen, the wife of Raymond Massey, whose picture appears on the preceding page. Herself an actress, she was one of the distinguished quartette who appeared in the production of "Private Lives," the satirical comedy by Noel Coward

I SAY this advisedly, for, though many actors and actresses may not care to be reminded of the fact, they take a very secondary place in the world of Thespis. Without the author they would cease to exist, so far as the theatre is concerned, for the play is still, and will always be, the thing.

S

BUT, thank goodness, though of late there have been failures galore in the theatre, yet when the goods *are* delivered you find the public flocking to the theatre as in the days when there were no pictures on the screen and no raucous voice emanating from anywhere but the mouth of the person photographed booming round the auditorium. To take an example of what has beaten celluloid comedy, note the run of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, when, after many months, house-full boards are still the order of the day. When, to choose an utterly different form of entertainment, *It's a Boy* was produced, I prophesied it would run a year. It has!

S

PEOPLE will pay to see a popular success in bad times or good, and, incidentally, are willing to pay a higher price for the privilege. To say that the theatre is too expensive is sheer, unadulterated poppycock. It is not popular prices that are wanted to bring prosperity to the theatre, but more popular plays.

Despite the fact that Hollywood Bosses have hooked some of our best dramatists, I decline to believe that there are no other fish left in the stage sea swimming about somewhere, but the trouble is that most of the managers are such inexpert anglers that they are not skilful enough to land them.

S

SO once again we come back to the managers, and what is most needed at the present time is to get rid of the "duds" and to see in their place men of taste and capital who also have a love of the theatre. We possess a few, but more are wanted to rehabilitate the stage.

S

MANAGEMENT, believe me, is not necessarily a synonym for losing money, provided always that a policy is decided upon and stuck to. Has Tom Walls lost money at the Aldwych? By putting farce back on the map, it has paid him hand over fist for years. Comedy, drama, and even musical plays, can be made to do likewise if, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the stage, there is the necessary capital to back them. V. W.

Summer in India: Miss Penelope Chetwode, the Rajah of Bilaspur and General Sir Philip Chetwode in the garden of the last named's residence at Simla. With its glorious climate and lovely scenery, Simla is the favoured hot-weather retreat of the leading Anglo-Indians

VARIOUS VIEWS ON PARIS

By Sylvia Lyon

THESE are the days when every English-speaking foreigner (including the French) greets you in this manner: "How do you do? When are you leaving?" If you stop to speak to a friend seated in a restaurant she says, "How do you do? When are you leaving?" If only they would substitute the words "going away" your momentary startled offence would be sweetened.

THIS "leaving" phrase takes the place of the one heard from October to July, which is, "Have you been to the theatre lately?" Of course, a few absent-minded creatures still ask if you've been to the theatre, not only forgetting the time of year, but evidently forgetting the present state of the French theatre; they not only think this is May or June, but that it is the year 1910. *Relâche* or *Fermerture Annuelle* is the only thing the stage has to offer at present. It is now many years since the Russian Ballet announced a new and secretly named creation by Francis Picabia. As the audience arrived on the night of the opening of Picabia's new ballet they saw before the theatre large placards announcing *Relâche*. Many of the initiated thought that this was just a little joke by Picabia, jokes being a sort of desperate mania with him. Many turned to leave, thinking, of course, that *Relâche* meant that the theatre was closed. However, they discovered that this was merely the title of the new ballet.

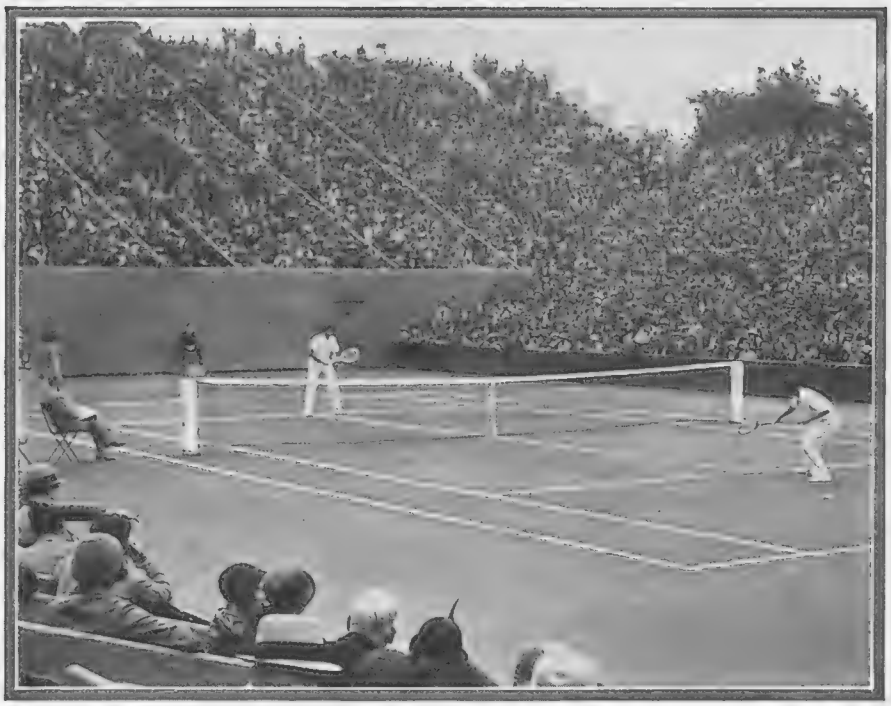
BUSINESS FOR AMUSEMENT

A snapshot of Mr. Frank Jay Gould, the American millionaire who is the driving force behind Juan-les-Pins, the Palais de la Mediterranée at Nice, and many of the luxury trades in France. He gets a lot of fun out of his work of making the world a jollier place and is never seen without a smile in his eye and a joke on his lips

Miss Penelope Chetwode entertains a friend in the garden of her Simla home. Her father, Sir Philip, being the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, may figure prominently in affairs if trouble increases there

LILI DE ALVAREZ, after watching the tennis at Auteuil, left for Spain to gather material for a series of interviews with the new Spanish Republican Ministers. She took with her a new camera, a sort of one-piece motion-picture affair complete with projector. If she never goes to Hollywood, she is already in the motion-picture business, for she is interested in a German firm which is launching this new camera, which is called "Señorita." Lili de Alvarez left behind (temporarily) a new apartment in the rue Jean Goujon, an apartment à l'Américain on the top, the seventh, floor, with windows on four sides, taking in the Sacré Cœur on one side, the Pantheon on another, and what the American family across the court is having for Sunday morning breakfast.

BUT this view is nothing compared to the apartment that is being constructed on a building overlooking the Champs-Elysées. The roof was leased by a prominent young Mexican in Paris, Carlos Bestugui. For two years a duplex flat has been under way, rather slowly, considering that the original lease is only for three years. However, there is a marvellous hedge growing on the encircling balcony. I hear that the topmost room, a studio, is built on a turn-table floor



WHEN FRANCE LED TWO-ONE

Jean Borotra (left) and H. W. Austin during their single in the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup at Auteuil. Austin beat Borotra, 7-5, 6-3, 3-6, 7-5 to level the score with France, but in the deciding match Henri Cochet played really wonderful tennis to beat F. Perry and thus keep the Davis Cup in France

so that should the owner weary of looking at the Champs-Elysées he can press a button and look down the Avenue du Bois.

SPEAKING of views, I heard an Englishman declare the other day that, by means of a high-powered binocular and the roof of his hotel, he has seen the entire Colonial Exhibition daily without having once been there. But the truly best view in Paris, or rather the Paris region, is that of Eddy Edmond-Blanc, the terrace of whose house, La Fouilleuse, at Reuil, has the entire St. Cloud race-course at its lowest step. M. Edmond-Blanc and his wife, who was a Murat, have never yet gone to the races. They go to him.

WHERE people are: Queen Amélie of Portugal is at the Château de Bellevue, at Le Chesnay-Versailles; at Antibes Lady Milford Haven, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Gloria Swanson and Willie Vanderbilt, Junior; at the Lido are Constance Talmadge, Marion Davies and Kaye Don (by the way, I hear that at Marion Davies' ranch near Hollywood, after dinner, a huge Louis XV frame arises from the floor, a frame encompassing a cinema screen, which, no doubt, would be a great surprise to Louis XV); at Dieppe, Sir Philip Sassoon and Earl Howe; at Larache, her estate in Spanish Morocco, Madame la Duchesse de Guise; at Vichy, the young Emperor of Annam, and Venizelos; at St. Jean de Luz, Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco; and at Deauville, Mr. A. K. Macomber at his newly purchased villa, Quesnay.

SUMMER IN VANCOUVER

A photograph taken on the tennis court at Ryecroft, the residence of Major-General and Mrs. A. D. McRae in Vancouver, which proves that, unlike England, British Columbia gets a summer complete with sunshine. The players seen above are Miss McMullen, Viscount Duncannon, the only son and heir of the Earl of Bessborough, his cousin, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, and Miss Mary Griffen

BY E. T. REED

IF LORD IRWIN WERE BURGLED

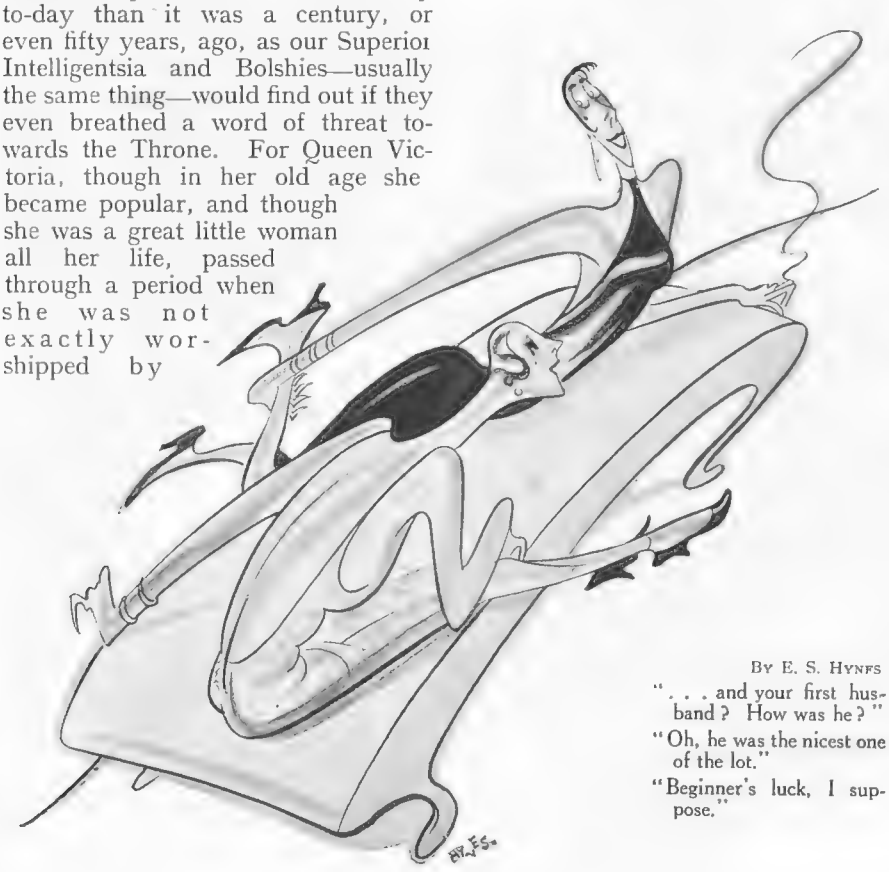
"Ah! My dear and sincere friend, Mr. Gand— I beg pardon, Mr. Sikes, I should say. So you've dropped in at last. Well, take anything you want, my dear fellow; we have always regarded everything we have as a sacred trust to be handed over when you called. There is the safe with all the family jewels, so just help yourself!"

if Sossip we must

SHALL WE ALL COME TO THIS?

The Jubilee of the Chemical Industry Society was celebrated, inter alia, by an exhibition at the Central Hall, Westminster, of various appliances, including gas masks, which were tried on by visitors. The next war threatens to be one of chemicals, and the "blotting out" of Chelsea by bombers in the recent Aerial Manœuvres suggests that in years to come nobody's wardrobe will be complete without something of the sort depicted above

THE KING AND QUEEN have attained a degree of affection and respect which in these times of drastic change in Europe is the Monarchy's strongest bulwark. Indeed, the Monarchy is far more firmly rooted in this country to-day than it was a century, or even fifty years, ago, as our Superior Intelligentsia and Bolshies—usually the same thing—would find out if they even breathed a word of threat towards the Throne. For Queen Victoria, though in her old age she became popular, and though she was a great little woman all her life, passed through a period when she was not exactly worshipped by her subjects, who considered with some reason that she shut herself up with her widowhood and did not work hard enough for them. It is a truism that bears repeating that hard work has always been King George's motto.



BY E. S. HYNES

". . . and your first husband? How was he?"

"Oh, he was the nicest one of the lot."

"Beginner's luck, I suppose."

IT is an open secret—one of the Royal doctors was, with due diplomacy, making the revelation at a dinner party only the other day—that the chief anxiety of himself and of his colleagues is lest the King should attempt to do too much and overtax his strength. "His Majesty wants to do everything," he said, "and it is not easy to stop him. His energy is amazing."

AND so the King has indeed earned a holiday, which he will, of course, spend in his own country.

RAILWAY ENTERPRISE

Our British railways own many hotels and are adding to the number. Above is Mr. G. Yates, Publicity Manager to the L.M.S. Ry., which company has recently opened Welcombe House, situated in fifty acres of grounds at Stratford-on-Avon

Those who, from choice or necessity, follow the Royal example can cherish a glow of patriotism. They may need it to counteract the chill of leaden skies and icy winds. I do not think that all English hotels are bad and dear, though many are, in that

By Kidgewell

"Your price is rather high for that old tub."

"Ah, Sir, I wouldn't let 'er out to everybody, Sir, only I thought you looked a sport. Between you and me she only got back yesterday from Rum Row."

English food is uneatable, or that the average English seaside resort, in spite of its pier and its pierrots, is a place of abominable boredom. But let us be under no illusions about the English climate. A pretty certain proof of the quality of it is that when we do get a few sunny days in the summer-time we make such a celebration of them. In other (and in this respect happier) spots they take sun and warmth as a matter of course. You don't hear a couple of Italians or a couple of Arabs say to each other, "What a glorious day!"

I HEAR that Deauville expects a better season this year than it had last, when it was, for the most part, full of a very dowdy crowd. The days of dazzlingly high gambling, which reached its zenith from about 1921-1925, have probably gone for ever. Europe is in far too groggy a state financially for even the Greek syndicate to sit impassive as millions of francs are won or lost. It is all done on the cheap now. It has to be. With the exception of Le Touquet, which still manages to have its bouts of being extremely chic, these Continental resorts along the Channel grow more and more like Ostende, but Pourville, though small, is another exception.

FOR those who will be wandering about France during the next few weeks, I can recommend a little book that is as useful as it is fascinating. Its title, "What to Eat and Drink in France," is sufficiently descriptive, but it has none of the cut-and-dried soullessness of the average text-book or guide-book. The author, M. Austin de Croze, takes his readers on an imaginary tour through the land and introduces with each district the foods, the wines, and the methods of cooking peculiar to itself. Through Normandy, Lorraine, Ile-de-France, Provence, Artois, Brittany, Anjou, etc., we go on a most mouth-watering expedition. Did you know, for instance, that a

LAYE FIGURES

The threatened return of the bustle is attributed in some quarters to the charm imparted to this mode of the past by Miss Evelyn Laye during the run of "Bitter Sweet."

GIVE me an answer, Yea or Nay,
Evelyn Laye.
Are you to blame for Fashion's sway,
Evelyn Laye?
Can it be true you did not know,
When you trod the stage in Coward's show,
You looked so sweet you were bound to go
And make the bustle comme il faut,
Evelyn Laye?

Are you the charming culprit, pray,
Evelyn Laye,
To start this mode of Yesterday,
Evelyn Laye?
Is it through you the girls we'll meet,
When taking a ramble down the street,
Our roving, masculine eyes will cheat
By wearing full skirts that reach the feet,
Evelyn Laye?

If there is truth in what they say,
Evelyn Laye,
Start a new fashion right away,
Evelyn Laye,
A fashion that won't prove so unkind,
For though young ladies soon may find
Their Future's in front but the Past's behind,
How CAN that appeal to the mere male mind,
Evelyn Laye? B. W.

Dorothy Wilding

Celia Johnson, now playing the part of Phyl, in place of Madeleine Carroll, in John Van Druten's delightful domestic comedy, "After All," which is such an "obstinate success" at the Criterion Theatre

A scene in "Nina Rosa," the melodramatic musical play at the Lyceum, showing Ethelind Terry as the heroine, Nina Rosa (left), with some of the girls of the village of Cuzco, who prove that they have a pretty taste in modes and robes in Peru

special dish of Gascony is "La Galimafrée," which is ham stewed with artichokes, pimentos, and broad beans? And that in the same district you can enjoy "Ramereaux à l'Estouffade," otherwise young ring-doves larded with spiced fat bacon, dipped in pounded sweet basil, and sprinkled with white wine and bards? Which bards? I have never yet tasted ring-dove, but if ever I do I would prefer to do so without wading through a layer of, say, Walter de la Mare, Siegfried Sassoon, Alfred Noyes, Edward Shanks, and Wilhelmina Stitch.

AND the wines! You learn of a Clos Ruybanis (which is "subtle and powerful"), a Clos le Musciata ("supple and light"), and a Clos l'Abeille ("full, soft, and rosy"). This is no mere wine list or wine merchant's catalogue, but a poetic ecstasy, word-painting combined with expert knowledge. I must go to France with this book in my pocket (it is of handy pocket size), and expect to return not subtle and powerful or supple and light, but most undeniably full, soft, and rosy.

TO turn from the pleasant land of France to the less pleasant land of China, where one John Thorburn, a British subject, has been arrested, imprisoned, and tortured, suffering the loss of an ear. Once England went to war because an Englishman lost an ear. Those days have passed. We can't afford war, anyway. But, although the British community at Shanghai has protested again and again to the Government, the Government has done nothing of any real use. Apparently it intends to do nothing. But the effect of Socialist supineness on our prestige in the East—for this incident has secured a vast amount of publicity—can well be imagined. So terrified, apparently, is Mr. Arthur Henderson of offending anybody that in this case China might well be Russia, which can and does offer any affront to this country and yet be apologised for by the Government of the very country it insults.

I HAVE said some hard things of America. But America resents insults to herself far more readily and more sensibly than we do. An American citizen, Dr. Tucker, has also been arrested by the Chinese, and already there is a big hullabaloo about it, the American Eagle in this case screaming to some purpose. When those who arrested Dr. Tucker have been thoroughly frightened and release him apologetically—which it is all Downing Street to a China orange they will do—then, perhaps, the British Government will follow the lead and pluck up courage to see what can be done about Mr. Thorburn. That in itself is pretty humiliating.

The male romantic interest in "Nina Rosa" is provided by Geoffrey Gwyther as Jack Haines, the forthright, bull-dog Britisher, who objects to the attentions showered on his best girl, Nina Rosa, by Robert Chisholm as Pablo, a dirty dago, cu-r-r-r-se him!

By CHICOT

"I'm not really satisfied with your references, my girl."
"No, mum, neither am I, but they're the best I could get."

I HAVE been seeing a certain amount of the "hikers." They have a league, wear badges, and all that sort of thing. And they invite foreign "hikers" to tramp about England with them. Not many foreign "hikers" actually come, but the desire

for international solidarity and understanding between nations is there all right. If young men and maidens like to tramp about the country in the wet with ruck-sacks on their shoulder-blades there is, of course, no earthly reason why they should not. They are a little "arty and crafty" and more than a little fresh-air-conscious; but there's no harm in that, and it jars only on the disgruntled and over-fastidious.

SOME "hikers," however, have sworn to disregard—at any rate, they do disregard—private property. They make a point of tramping, rather aggressively, wherever a "Trespassers will be prosecuted" notice is displayed. They fall back on the old "God gave the land to the peepul" business. That's as may be. But would every "hiker" who owns a back garden be willing for any Tom, Dick, or Harry or Peggy or Jane to walk about in it? The difference is only one of degree. Why should an individual who happens to own a large piece of ground have it trespassed upon, while those who own only a small one can have their privacy respected? "Hiking" to-day stands under suspicion of being not genuinely walking tourism and more than a little Socialistic.

Fifteen-years-old Jackie Hance on "Radiant," the horse on which she won for Sir Archibald Weigall at Olympia in the class for hacks, ridden by a lady, side saddle. At the Royal Show she again won this event. This clever young horsewoman has won over six hundred prizes

about lawn tennis tactics isn't worth knowing. In his day he was the wiliest of players, was in the first English team which competed for the Davis Cup, and no one living could better advise youth on how to circumvent the other fellow.

POSSESSING a cheery personality, he also has a keen sense of humour, as witness his remark to a boy not quite up to his work on the old Wimbledon ground, "Throw the balls *over* the net, boy. *We* knock 'em into it." One cannot imagine some of our grim-visaged players of to-day actually joking over so serious a business as lawn tennis.

Navana

A new portrait of Miss Elvira Henderson, the niece of Lord Faringdon, who is playing the part of Marjorie Forbes in "Marry at Leisure" at the Haymarket Theatre

MONTAGU NORMAN

Governor of the Bank of England

(See caricature on the right)

Dear reader, would you like to meet
The Ruler of Threadneedle Street?

Observe his coat of rabbit-skin
And think what greatness dwells within.

That unattractive hat you'll find
Is perched upon a master-mind.

You never would suspect that he
Moulds our financial destiny.

But actually you're gazing on
The banking world's Napoleon,

So bend your knee, and doff your hat
For Norman's very fond of that!

A. J. B.

EVEN though we may have lost against France in the Davis Cup, which has not been decided at the time of writing, our success in reaching the Challenge round by beating America proves that our lawn tennis is on the up-grade and full of promise for the future. It may be thought that Austin and Perry beat America by their own unaided efforts, but there was a figure in the background in the shape of our non-playing captain, H. Roper Barrett, to whom, I am sure, both of these players were much indebted. What H. R. B. doesn't know

By Beauvais

MR. MONTAGU NORMAN

HATS OF A FEATHER

BY BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

Scaioni

Black felt hat faced with white with a softly falling ostrich plume in black and white to frame the profile. Model Molyneux

WHAT a commotion the new hats have caused! And when we see this lovely trio we can well understand why. They are so *different*. Much of the commotion, it is amusing to see, is made by the men, for the rapid change really has shaken them a bit. It takes *them* about half a century to vary the width of their headgear by one half-inch. But at a word from Paris fair ladies all over the world suddenly pull their hats from the back of their heads well on to them and over one eye—at the gayest of tilts (and it is the tilt that does it)—managing to look quite unconcerned all the while. No wonder it staggers the men, who are still expressing opinions on it.

IT is this same tilt that varies. Now it is like a flat bowler with dipping brim, now something like a Glengarry, while brims are turned upwards with the cutest of feather tufts causing the uplift. These daring chapeaux are still in the try-out stage, and if their popularity is too sudden and universal, Madame the-Exclusive-one will choose something else. The first models are always the exaggerations, but are the heralds of coming changes in the mode. That is why they are so significant. Those little knitted bonnets were so fatally easy to make at home, and their chic consisted in the way they were worn. Milliners were feeling the need of making women wear something new. Surely they have succeeded, and now skilful fingers are busy creating new models to charm their clientèle, and so yet another fashion drama has been enacted. Back has come the ostrich plume and coq's feather. What matters it if they have been so long out of fashion that despairing feather merchants have shut up shop? They are overwhelmed now with telephone orders, and the ostrich may prance in a proud return to favour, no longer fearing extinction.

A black felt tricorne with a point over the right eye and a drooping blue coq's feather falling from another point. Model Molyneux

THE LATEST BOWLER FROM PARIS

A low-crowned bowler hat with a pale blue coq's feather placed on the front and left side. Model Mado

CLEMENCE DANE on the BOOK SOCIETY'S SELECTIONS for the MONTH

THE Book Society's list for July contains an American novel called *Dark Bridwell,* by Vardis Fisher (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and a German novel, *The Hidden Child,* by Franz Werfel (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*). There is also Maurice Baring's half novel, half study, of Mary Queen of Scots, called: *In My End is My Beginning* (Heinemann: 10*s.* 6*d.*), an interesting biography of *Marshal Lyautey,* by André Maurois (Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.*), and a new translation by Helen Waddell, from the original text, of *Manon Lescaut.*

BUT, in spite of these formidable and serious rivals, laughter rules the literary roost with two collections of humorous matter. One is called *Humour and Fantasy.* It is a reprint of half a dozen novels and dialogues by F. Anstey (Murray: 8*s.* 6*d.*), containing old favourites such as *Vice Versa, The Brass Bottle, Salted Almonds* and the less well-known tales, *The Tinted Venus* and *The Talking Horse.* The second book is a collection of quips and quiddities in prose and verse, all chosen from the "Beachcomber" column of the *Daily Express* in the last six years (Sheed and Ward: 7*s.* 6*d.*).

THAT the two books should appear just at this holiday time is pleasant enough; for a book to chuckle over is necessary to the perfection of the holiday season; and both these books fulfil their prime purpose—they amuse; and amuse not only at a first reading, but whenever you choose to pick them up and wherever you choose to open them. But it is really a piece of luck that they not only appear but appear together. For, read in alternate mouthfuls, they are not merely an amusement but a most admirable history lesson, comparing, as they do, the characters of our fathers with our own characters; and chronicling the changes of taste in the last fifty years. For humour, as Mr. Anstey says: "Like other things, has its fashions, and what may have amused one generation is apt to leave the next rather envying (as in the case of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus's friends) the ease with which its forbears were entertained."

TRAGEDY in her suit of solemn black can defy the mode. For the people who like that sort of thing, that will be the sort of thing they like, whether you offer them a *House with Green Shutters,* or 1931's very latest effort in the brutal *Dark Bridwell.* But Comedy must always be making over her old clothes, even though she uses much the same material wherewith to create her latest effects.

F. ANSTEY and "Beachcomber," pre-War and post-War humorists, use that same material. They make

"BEACHCOMBER"

Otherwise Mr. J. B. Morton, whose "By the Way" (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d.), is one of the Book Society's choices for the month. It contains excerpts from the column of humour he contributes to the "Daily Express"

BOOKS MENTIONED

DARK BRIDWELL. By Vardis Fisher. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)

IN MY END IS MY BEGINNING. By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann: 10s. 6d.)

MARSHAL LYAUTEY: A Biography by André Maurois. (Lane: 12s. 6d.)

HUMOUR AND FANTASY. By F. Anstey. (Murray: 8s. 6d.)

BY THE WAY. By "Beachcomber." (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d.)

fun of the middle classes—the middle classes in rank, in wit, in fashion, in brain, and in ability. They leave the lions and unicorns severely alone and devote themselves to satirising, and at the same time delighting, the sheep.

BUT though they use the same material, they use it very differently. Mr. Anstey has more humour than wit; "Beachcomber" more wit than humour. Mr. Anstey is a novelist and an observer of character; "Beachcomber" a poet and an observer of manners. Both are fantastics; and not the least sign of their puckish commonsense is the fact that they insist upon fantasticalising sheep. It would be difficult to make a giraffe or a duck-billed platypus more ridiculous than nature has made it; such beasts are fantastic to the point of dignity. But it is fun to make a cow jump over the moon or a sheep dance to the Pan pipes. And that is what these two humorists enjoy doing, each in his own way.

MR. ANSTEY'S way is to draw very carefully, eschewing all exaggeration, lifelike portraits of perfectly ordinary people—a Victorian father, a nice young woman, a barber's assistant, or an impecunious young architect. Having completed his creations in all their worthy dulness, having further surrounded his central characters with their own unmistakable belongings, their proper plush and horsehair, pink blouse and white skirt, respectable lodgings, dark crimson dining-rooms, Mr. Anstey then vacates his writing-table. Puck takes his place, uses the familiar ass's-head charm, and the fun begins! A heavy father is transformed into a sulky schoolboy; a rising young barber is inadvertently wedded to a Venus of the foam, and harmless architects and artists become the victims of kindly or malevolent demons.

THE fun, of course, consists, not in witnessing deeds of magic, but in watching the effect on perfectly ordinary human beings of their confrontation with the fantastic and the incredible. Few of them take it as calmly as Bottom; and that, perhaps, is the only real criticism that one may fairly give of Mr. Anstey's immortal fools. They are little creatures; their philistinism is terrified and crushed by the encounter with Fantasy. But when Shakespeare creates a Philistine he still makes him a big creature. "I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb; if I cut my finger I shall make bold with you," says unconquerable Bottom to Fantasy. But the Horaces and Leanders of Mr. Anstey's creation desire no further acquaintance with Fantasy; they only want, poor sheep, to be let alone. And in the end they are let alone, for Mr. Anstey is generally much more merciful than "Beachcomber." If he makes his readers laugh as much as "Beachcomber" does, he stings them less.

BUT "Beachcomber," of course, does not use the novel form; his interest in character expresses itself differently. He creates a set of stock figures who represent the modern sheep, the modern Philistines. They are mere dummies, and "Beachcomber's" art consists in using these dummies as a man uses puppets at a puppet show. He listens to the catchwords, observes the fopperies and the follies of the hour, and through the mouths of his dummies he at once reproduces and satirises daily life. Few columns in a daily newspaper would, one imagines, stand the test of reprinting, but most of the "Beachcomber" nonsense triumphantly survives transportation. Wherever you open his pages you collapse into laughter.

"Ba, ba, black sheep, have you any wool?" demands "Beachcomber," and, instead of being indignant, we come up meekly to be shorn.

Dorothy Wilding

ENID STAMP-TAYLOR

A new studio portrait of the clever young actress who appeared with great success in " Wonder Bar," which, after a long run at the Savoy, is now touring the provinces. Miss Stamp-Taylor will, in all probability, be seen in the near future in a new West End production

"HANNIBAL" SHOWS ITS PACES

"Hannibal," the giant forty-seater Handley Page air liner which proved the star turn at the Household Brigade Flying Club's meeting at Heston

The Prince of Wales leaving the Cabin of a Ford monoplane which he inspected. So keen is his interest in aviation, that he flew back from Wales especially to see "Hannibal" at Heston

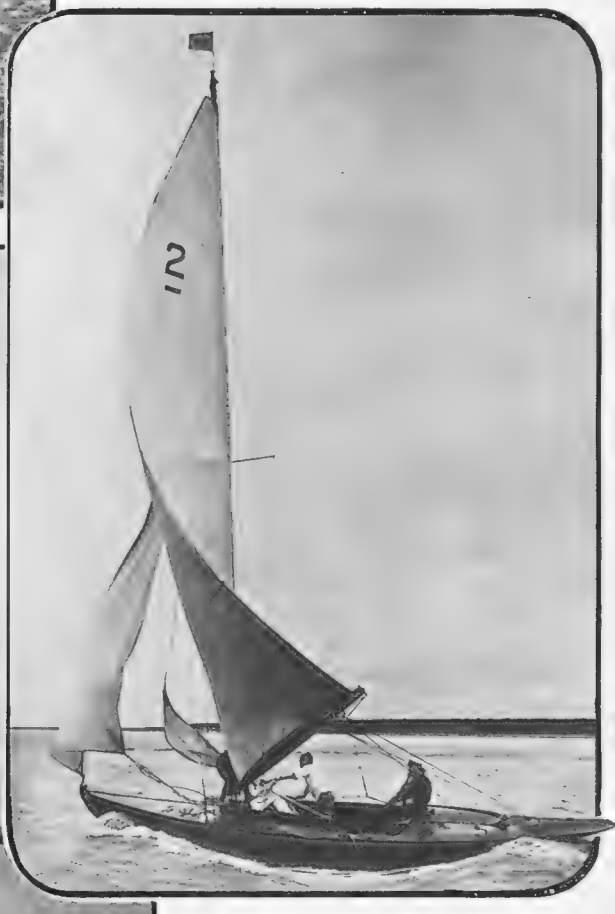
The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce and Flight-Lieut. Schofield inspecting the new Mono-bar Experimental 'plane at the Household Brigade Flying Club's meeting. Well-known Flying people were present in scores

Some of the many guests at the Household Brigade meeting. The Marchioness of Cambridge and Lord Willoughby de Broke are seen admiring the giant "Hannibal" after its arrival. Inset are Mrs. Cottingham and Mr. Cottingham, the Director of Personal Flying Services, and Mrs. Rissen

YACHTING: CORINTHIANS AND COWES

Left: A close tussle during the International Six Metre Class race at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club's meeting at Burnham-on-Crouch. "Finvola," the winner, owned by Mr. J. S. Bacon, the Rear-Commodore of the Club, is seen leading Mr. W. Sinclair's "Zenith," which finished second

Below: Racing on the East Coast. A competitor in the East Coast One-design Class running before the wind. She is Mr. A. E. Lees' Bermuda-rigged "Widgeon." The race, over a course of fourteen miles, was won by Mr. C. Boardman's "Delphine"



Left: Mme. V. Heriot's "L'Aile VII," the challenger, seen near the camera, and Mr. R. B. Worth's "Severn," jockeying for position at the start of the first race for La Coupe de France at Ryde. The conditions were that the first yacht, both of which are of the 8-metre International Class, to win three races won the cup. "Severn," representing the Royal Thames Yacht Club, proved the victor

Two of the "big fellows" which are racing at Cowes this week. His Majesty's famous yacht, "Britannia," is seen leading Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock." "Britannia" has been having a wonderfully successful year and has won many important races

A photograph taken on board Mr. Andreae's "Candida." The two yachts seen in the background are Colonel Vivian Gabriel's "Lady Anne" (left) and Mr. J. S. Highfield's "Dorina"

Mr. Hugh Paul's "Astra" s... are Lord Waring

Another photograph of "Britannia" with "Shamrock" close on her heels. Only four yachts of the biggest class are racing at Cowes this week, and, apart from the two seen above, the class is completed by Mr. Andreae's "Candida," and Mr. Hugh Paul's "Astra"

" seen off Cowes. Two notable absentees from the Regatta this year Waring's "White Heather" and Lord Camrose's "Cambria"

With gunwhales awash. Mr. C. Nicholson at the wheel of "Candida" catching the wash whilst running close-hauled before a strong wind in the Solent

ROYAL CORINTHIAN CLUB'S NEW HOME

Miss Genesta Knight in a Blue Ensign gown, the scarf being a flag, photographed at the dinner in the new club-house

The new club-house of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Burnham-on-Crouch, which, thanks to its unusual design of an all-glass front, enables spectators to follow the racing with ease even when the yachts are far out to sea. It is built on the foreshore

THE new club-house of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club at Burnham-on-Crouch has been lately opened and the ceremony attracted yachtsmen from all over the country. The Club dates from 1872 and has had many headquarters before finally settling down at Burnham.

Mr. Joseph Emberton, A.R.I.B.A., who also designed the new Olympia, is the architect of the new building, which was greatly admired by both members and guests, who could not fail to see how cleverly the structure has been planned in order to provide the maximum of window space from which to view the racing.

Mr. J. S. Bacon (Rear-Commodore), Mrs. F. G. Mitchell and Mr. F. G. Mitchell (Vice-Commodore) at the opening of the new club-house

Col S. W. Bunker, D.S.O., M.C., showing Mrs. C. W. Humphries and Mr. Lindwall points of interest in the new building

Exclusive "Bystander" Photograph. *By Scaioni, Paris*

MIMI CRAWFORD

Scaioni here pictures one of the prettiest girls on the stage and known as "Evelyn Laye's double." She danced at Covent Garden during the last Grand Opera Season, and in the course of her stage career has also appeared in Shakespeare, Cabaret, Musical Comedy and modern plays without music

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

A hiker's paradise in Middlesex. Haymaking in progress in surroundings which suggest the heart of rural England but are really no further afield than Mill Hill, within ten miles of Marble Arch

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

SEEING LIFE

BY

PETER FLEMING

It had been one of those bad days, but Nicholas gave up resenting it as the train pulled out of Wall Street Station. Any sort of emotion was a mistake on the subway; mechanical endurance was the only basis on which to encounter that mechanical hell. The back of a Jew offering itself as a lectern, Nicholas planted his evening paper between the padded shoulders.

Not so much hopeless as ignorant of hope, the faces round him nodded foolishly to the movement of the train. Their owners—most of whom were standing up, for the subway was abominably crowded—did not know they were nodding; they did not know their bodies were swaying like seaweed at slack water; they did not know their ears were full of an insistent, grating roar; they did not know their noses were savouring the hard, cosmopolitan smell which always infects the subway. They were deep—too deep—in their evening papers; they were thoroughly broken in.

It was not fatigue that stamped those pale, heavy-lidded eyes with so noticeable a uniformity, nor yet depression, but rather the two, blended by routine into an habitual, dreary staleness of temperament. No one looked particularly sad; no one looked at all happy. Physically and emotionally they were in a state of suspended animation; mentally they were preoccupied with news of murder, corruption, adultery, and the slump in public utilities. A hymn tune ran irrelevantly through Nicholas's head: "The da-ay thou ga-avest, Lo-ord, is ended. . . . ." Poor devils: what had they seen of the day? A ribbon of grey between huddled, craning skyscrapers; perhaps the harbour, sparkling and suggestive at lunch-time. And now they were going home. "Let's call it a day," they had said as they left their offices. A courtesy title, surely. . . .

Half an hour later Nicholas was walking savagely down Sixth Avenue, his shoulders hunched against the wind. Did the world contain a more repellent thoroughfare? He hoped not. Overhead the Elevated crashed and jangled. Between the ugly and inconvenient pillars that supported it street-cars, taxis, trucks and limousines swooped and crept and grated their gears and screeched with their brakes and belched with their horns. Policemen blew their whistles. A radio blared from the doorway of a cheap jeweller's. Only the inhabitants made, or appeared to make, no appreciable sound as they padded along in the slush, bowed, incurious, unperceiving. "The day thou gavest . . ."

"Midnite Show," said a notice outside a cinema: "Her Passionate Partner." "All Talking! All Singing!" Why couldn't they say what they meant? "All Drinking! All . . . !" Nicholas was feeling angry.

It was a wider, healthier disgust than the very personal sense of stale dissatisfaction which had oppressed him in the subway. He forgot how much he disliked his work in the bank and how badly he did it; he forgot what an awful day it had been. It was in a less disgruntled frame of mind that he turned his back on Sixth Avenue and lengthened his stride through the deeper, because less trampled, slush of a street in the middle Fifties.

The apartment house Nicholas lived in called itself "The Warwick," and had a Lincoln Imp door-knocker above the elevator bell. Miss Fess—sleek and pretty and adaptable, like an expensive box of mixed chocolates—was on duty in the combination of loose box and dovecote known as The Office.

"Evening, Miss Fess. Any letters for me?" said Nicholas in a bantering tone. He had to say it in a bantering tone, because they both knew that he knew that her Christian name was Eulalie, and it was his concern to blind her, by this arch assumption of formality, to the fact that he was not certain how to pronounce it.

"*Sure!*" cried Miss Fess, with meaning emphasis; "you young Englishmen certainly are popular!" Practically every mail that crossed the Atlantic elicited this comment from her, and Nicholas was not very disappointed to find that it had been prompted by a letter from his aunt, a bill from his tailor, a notice from the *Times* Book Club, and a copy of the *Field*.

"Thanks awfully, Miss Fess," he said, with decent fervour.

"Mr. Rutyer's in," volunteered Miss Fess, "with a friend. I think they're in your appartement."

"Are they? Thanks," said Nicholas non-committally. They would be, he reflected; and, stepping into the elevator, was carried in a state of gloomy resignation to the fourteenth floor.

Charles Rutyer had been in New York for six months—four months longer than Nicholas, to whom he had been a year senior at Oxford. Both were just beginning to realise that they belonged to different worlds. Charles was a large, agreeable young man, with a minimum of sensibility and what is known as a good practical head. Left to himself in England, he would have developed on orthodox, perhaps rather boorish lines, into an ordinary but a very real person. But his upbringing had been at odds with his character. His father was a diplomat, and the holidays, which by rights should have found him no farther afield than Scotland or Le Touquet, saw Charles bearing a heavy burden of insular perplexity through the capitals of Europe. Compulsory vagabondage bred imitation rather than adaptability. Charles became a man of the world without being given the chance of belonging to it. His acquired attitude towards the people among whom he lived was at variance with that dictated by his instincts. He could not understand un-English things, but he had learnt to praise them without discernment. "You must try and see their point of view. They're *different* from us," he would urge, maddeningly paternal, when Nicholas disparaged New York. He was an infuriating person to live with. He liked thrashing things out.

The bare, narrow passage, an exact replica of twelve bare, narrow passages below it and five above, was enfiladed with jazz from the eight doors which gave on it. Nicholas opened his own and went in.

Leroy W. Buschman was capering about in the middle of the limited floor space, shaking a cocktail. He was one of Nature's caperers. The merest suspicion of a rhythm was enough to set his feet twitching and tapping and slithering, as though in some staccato, unpredictable ritual. Rapt, crooning, with eyes half shut, he weaved and oscillated to a quick-firing lyric about lips and hips from the gramophone. Charles sprawled on the bed, beating time with a cork-screw.

"Hullo, Nicholas," he said; "hope you don't mind us coming in here for a drink. I couldn't get on to Victor's from the office."

Nicholas rightly interpreted the last sentence as meaning

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Illustrated by BURTONS

that Charles, for the fourth day in succession, had forgotten or omitted to order himself another consignment of drink from their boot-legger, a charming though taciturn Greek. Charles was badly addicted to the borrowing habit.

"That's all right," said Nicholas. "Hullo, Leroy."

Leroy was a scion of one of the numerous American families which claim "good" as a label rather than a definition. He was 23—a little older than Nicholas and a little younger than Charles; handsome without being attractive, well-built without being athletic, and high-spirited without being happy. His expensive education had left as few permanent traces on him as his proportionately expensive perambulating. He had motored, flown, and danced over a mileage quite incommensurate with his years. He knew nothing at all about himself, and very little about anyone else. He valued girls for what he had been trained to recognise as sex-appeal, and men for good fellowship, which in his set was as much as to say for drinking. He was a weak, agreeable, polished young boor; there was nothing wrong with him that was not the fault of his family, his wealth, and the age and country to which he belonged.

He returned Nicholas's greeting with effusion; it was evident that Leroy was not shaking his first cocktail. "Good old Nicholas!" he cried, mopping up vermouth with Nicholas's face towel. "Say, you're not doing anything tonight, are you?"

Nicholas looked round the small, square, over-heated room. It seemed full of a litter of overcoats and evening papers and the sweet, messy smell of gin. The good books he had brought out from England to read stood sandwiched, stolidly inviolate, between the bad books he had bought in New York, and read. Almost anything rather than a solitary evening here.

"No," he said, "I'm doing nothing in particular. Why?"

"Better come slumming with Leroy and me," suggested Charles.

"Slumming?"

"Yeah. We're going down to a place on East Tenth Street," said Leroy, "regular tough joint. Man in the office took me there last week."

Nicholas looked dubious. "Aw, come on." Leroy's enthusiasm was expressed with deafening vehemence. "You'll be able to tell them you passed the salt to a gangster when you get home."

"All right. I'll come," said Nicholas. "What's the food like?"

"Usual stuff. Not so hot, but it might be worse."

"Do we take a flask?" asked Charles, whom the gin had inspired to a bearish imitation of Leroy's capering.

Leroy thought not: they could get liquor there. But he mixed a farewell cocktail of terrific potency, and found, when they left the building at eight o'clock, unforeseen difficulties in the boarding of a taxi.

THEY got out of the taxi in a dark and very dirty street. The scream of a tug on the East River came from surprisingly close at hand. The shrill, querulous sounds of

Jewish family life were audible in houses which had better been left derelict. It was not easy to find the number they were looking for: it turned out to be a decayed brown-stone house between a cloak-and-suit shop and an equally decayed tenement building.

Leroy, after a prolonged and seemingly hopeless search, found the card he wanted in his note-case. They went down into the area and rang a bell; then waited. Nothing happened. They rang again. A panel snapped back alarmingly from a grill in the door, and an unsuspected light went on above their heads. Leroy slipped his card in between the bars, which were set noticeably close together.

"Leroy Buschman," he said, without much assurance, "it's O.K."

From the other side of the door there was no reply. Leroy glared petulantly at the grill, swaying slightly. Charles shifted his feet, the victim of an excess of respectability. Nicholas felt, or imagined, the scrutiny of hard, narrowed eyes. Everything suddenly seemed much less amusing than before.

All at once the light above their heads went out, and the door swung open cumbrously.

"Now, boys," said a smooth, compelling voice from the doorway behind Nicholas, "up with 'em!"

"O.K.," said a harsh, lugubrious voice. "Step right in, Mr. Buschman."

Leroy stepped in, the two Englishmen followed, and the door shut behind them with a clang that suggested it was lined with steel. They stood awkwardly in complete darkness until somebody twitched aside a double layer of curtains and they moved, blinking, into a dingy but brightly lit passage. Obediently they checked their hats and coats with a disillusioned young Jewess in an alcove, and followed the swaggering shoulders of their guide down the passage towards the strong smell of cooking. The back of his head looked menacing, the cut of his clothes flamboyant, and his whole attitude towards life in general and themselves in particular disconcertingly sardonic.

The passage ended in more curtains, of lack-lustre, maroon-coloured velvet, and incongruously surmounted by a pair of bison's horns. The procession passed through in single file, the last threequarters of it urged on more by hunger than by anything else. They found themselves in an oblong, rectangular room. Its rough plaster walls were irrationally decorated with paintings of globular fish, executed with the crude, formalised realism usually lavished on nursery frescoes. There were about fifteen small tables, covered with blue check tablecloths which might have looked arty if they had been less distressingly soiled. At the far end there was a bar, and half-way down one wall a service door, evidently leading to the kitchen. Most of the tables were occupied by nondescript fattish men, some of them accompanied by women, not at all fat and much less nondescript.

"Three?" queried their guide, turning to reveal a face of more than adequate brutality and cunning.

"Three," agreed Leroy, in the voice of one who is glad to be able to give satisfaction. They were given a table next to the screen, in the waiter's trade-route.

THEY sat down, Nicholas with his face to the bar and his back to the passage along which they had come. The place bore the familiar marks of a speak-easy. The inevitable tubular sticks of rusk-like, brittle bread were on every table. The menu was much the same—Steak Minute, Braised Sweetbreads, or Chicken à la King—though the price—two dollars—was rather less than it would have been in the comparatively fashionable Forties and Fifties. When they ordered rye whisky—Leroy had a theory that in this sort of place it was safer than Scotch—it had the same crude, biting taste that it had up town, at Michel's, or Mac's, or Pietro's.

But the atmosphere was different; there was no getting away from that. The clientèle had not that amateurish, suburban air which robs the ordinary crowd dining in a speak-easy of their potential dramatic value. These nondescript, fattish men had the look of being there either on serious business or for deliberate, needful, and full-blooded relaxation. The women were obviously there for both. There was only one other party intent, like themselves, on

concealing the fact that they were out of their element, if not out of their depth. There were four of them. The host appeared to be a mild, unaffected little man, middle-aged and wearing pince-nez; he had a skinny, anxious neck like a tortoise, a Southern accent, and a diffident, friendly manner. Nicholas put him down rightly as a journalist, and liked the look of him. His companions were two women —one severe and intellectual, the other blowsy and intelligent, and a large, unhealthy young man with a green tie, almost certainly from Greenwich Village. All four were trying hard to disguise their nervousness and their curiosity; but in this the severe young woman was alone successful, and that only by dint of talking about Ernest Hemingway in a loud, metallic voice.

THE slumming party was not going with a swing. Charles looked more baffled than ever. His education as a man of the world did not include the underworld, and the Christian, the Conservative, and the Squire stirred uneasily beneath their cerements of sophistication. Leroy, feeling that it devolved on him to do the honours, drank some rye and embarked on an apocryphal but lurid legend connected with the place; he even pointed out a haggard, foreign-looking man seated alone as a prominent East-side gangster. The man, who was in fact connected with the post office, rose immediately afterwards and left the room, on his way to bed. Nicholas also drank some rye, and found himself thinking inconsequently of Oxfordshire beech-woods on a frosty November morning. The waiter brought them minestrone.

Half-way through the steak Charles, who could never afford to mix his drinks, became suddenly truculent.

"I thought you said this was a tough joint," he challenged Leroy. "There's nothing tough here except the meat. We might as well have gone to Child's."

"You wait," Leroy began. And at that moment Nicholas, who happened to be looking towards the bar, saw the bar-tender's jaw drop, the bar-tender's eyes dilate, and the upper half of the bar-tender vanish with inconceivable rapidity behind his bar. Silence had fallen suddenly on the room.

"Now, boys," said a smooth, compelling voice from the doorway behind Nicholas, "up with 'em!"

Nicholas saw everyone's hands raised slowly, rather dubiously, above their heads, and found, almost with surprise, that his own were rising, too. The scene had become all at once quite unreal.

"It's only Con we want," went on the suave voice behind him; there was a sneering, triumphant lilt in it now. Nicholas heard the shuffle of more men in the passage. "Con, you coming for a ride with us?"

A big man with a flashy little moustache, sitting at the next table to the journalist's party, had turned green in the face; a dry, clacking sound came from his open mouth. He made a movement, but seemed too weak to rise.

"Come on; snap out of that before I count ten!" ordered the voice, brusquer now, and more menacing. "It doesn't do to keep the boys waiting, Con. You ought to know that." The speaker began to count, slowly.

Nicholas, staring with a kind of detached fascination at the blotchy, quivering face of the man they wanted, irrelevantly noticed the little journalist's right hand. It was held stiffly and tremulously aloft, and between the first and second fingers the stub of a cigarette was still smoking. For some reason it caught and held part of Nicholas's attention.

"—Four—Five—Six." The voice's very tonelessness suggested conscious power. Con was getting uncertainly to his feet, like a man who wants to be sick. The rest of the room was as still as death.

"—Seven—."

SUDDENLY a great many things happened, almost, but not quite, simultaneously. The cigarette end fell from the journalist's fingers down his sleeve, next to the skin. The journalist gave a sharp yelp of pain and drew his arms down with a jerk. The man in the doorway behind Nicholas, thinking that someone had reached for his gun, fired twice. Con spun round with a shattered shoulder and fell heavily, breaking his chair. The journalist, with an odd, whining cry, doubled up where he sat, mortally wounded in the stomach. Down the passage there was the sound of a scrambling exodus; this was accelerated by a Jew sitting at Con's table, who quickly and unostentatiously drew an automatic and fired six shots into the maroon-coloured curtain, then rose and walked, quickly and unostentatiously, through the service door. Hard on his heels went two fat men with their women, and after a moment's hesitation the slumming party followed them. One of the fat men was crying, and one of the women was laughing.

The Jew led them with such swift assurance that Nicholas was climbing up a fire-escape before he began to take stock of the situation. They were four storeys up, and looking for an open window. A police syren sounded insistently some distance away. It was evidently the tenement house they were scaling; against the night sky Nicholas could see heads, in apprehensive little clusters, looking down on them out of the crowded rooms. The Jew found an open window and disappeared, swinging his legs nimbly over the sill; the other fugitives followed, more clumsily. Waiting impatiently at the tail-end of the undignified procession Nicholas noticed for the first time how cold it was and regretted his overcoat, languishing in the cloak-room. Leroy began to hiccough. The sound of the police car's syren came rushing through the darkness. The First Avenue Elevated growled past in the middle distance.

"Come on, now; where is it?" the Jew was saying when Nicholas climbed through the window. He flourished his pistol at three children in a little brass bed; one of them was still asleep. "Where is it?" he repeated.

A little girl with frizzy hair pointed to a door in the unpapered wall; her eyes were beady with fright. Ignoring his companions, the Jew walked across and opened it; they heard him empty the spent shells out of his automatic into a lavatory and pull the plug. Then he came back, and they followed him like sheep into a passage and down interminable stone stairs to the main door of the building. A crowd had already formed round the house where the shooting had taken place, and an ambulance was nosing its way discordantly through the press.

"Come on out of this," said Leroy.

They began to walk rapidly westwards. Nicholas was shivering violently; the skin felt taut over his face, as though he had been in a fever. The Jew, the fat men, and the women had disappeared.

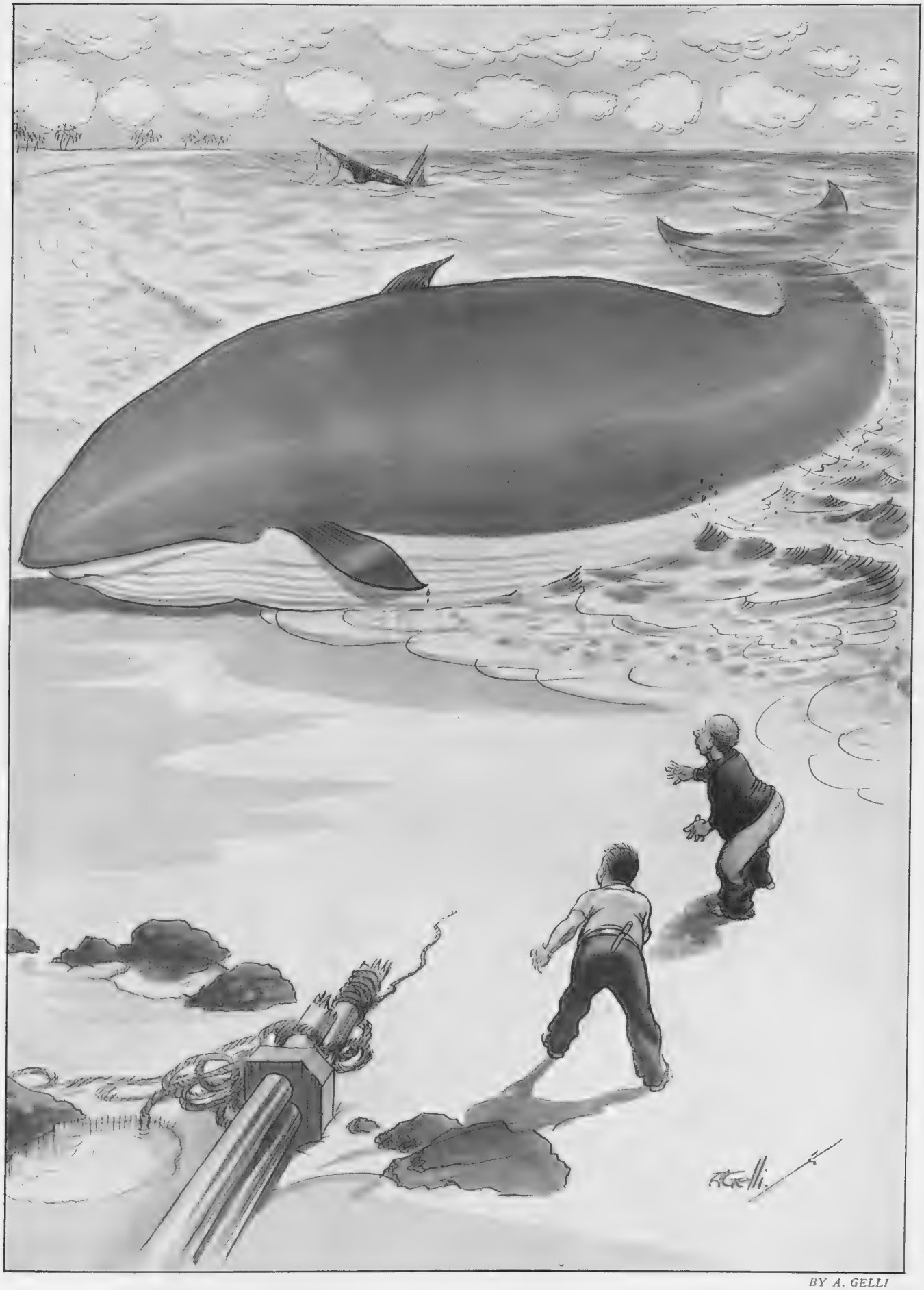
HALF an hour later Nicholas, still numbed with cold, threw open the door of his apartment. He went straight across the room and sat down on the radiator. His teeth chattered quietly but persistently; he stared straight in front of him with dark, troubled eyes. Detached fragments of the evening's experience swam through his head in slow, recurrent sequence. Leroy capering; the disillusioned Jewess in the cloak-room; Charles's slightly puckered eyebrows expressing disorientation; the taste of rye; the little journalist, so nervous about the success of his party; the vanishing bar-tender; Con's moustache; the almost physical impact of the first two pistol shots; the strenuous, agonised hunching of the journalist's body, with his hands at the pit of his stomach; the thin, scraggy little jaw straining forward while no sound came from the lips except that awful, retching whimper. Then incidents of the flight—the frightened eyes of the child in the tenement; Charles leaning forward in the taxi with his head in his hands. . . . But presently the inessential fragments faded away, and it was only the little journalist that Nicholas saw, crumpled, piteous, a needless sacrifice. . . .

At last he forced himself to rise. He twitched the dark red cover off the bed and began to undress slowly, like a man in a dream. As he mechanically cleaned his teeth he remembered that he had not opened his mail. His aunt's firm handwriting on the thick blue paper looked reassuring.

"My dear Nicholas, (he read)

I am *so* sorry I have not written before, but everyone tells me that you have found comfortable lodgings and are working *very* hard!! So that is all satisfactory!!! We have done quite well with the pheasants so far, but John says not as well as last year. I wish you were here to shoot them, and I expect you wish you were too! But living in a great city like New York must be a wonderful experience; everyone says the Americans are most kind and, of course, very progressive. Anyhow, you are *seeing life*, and that is an education in itself. . . . "

Nicholas turned out the light and got into bed. P. F.



BY A. GELLI

HUNGRY CASTAWAY: "*Lumme! 'Arry, 'ere's a bit o' luck. I 'ope it's a soft roe!*"

FILM NOTES

ONE-PART PLAYERS

By Lionel Collier

WHAT the cinema is suffering from most at the moment is Hollywood's fetish for types. It is not only content with blanco-ing all the heroines' hair until each one looks like a twin sister of the other, but insists on keeping artists perpetually repeating the same sort of part. The stories may vary a little, but underneath it all Greta Garbo remains Greta Garbo, and moves in a mysterious way her wonders to perform.

MARLENE DIETRICH has just got to look as if she is bored with the whole proceedings and had tasted life to the full and found it bitter. Even in England an attempt has been made to turn Madeleine Carroll into a Dietrich-cum-Garbo vamp, complete with distraught eyebrows and an air of brooding mystery and disillusionment. That was in "Fascination"; I hope that it is not going to be a permanency.

The old, old story! Fifi d'Orsay tells the tale to Lucien Littlefield in the appropriately titled film, "Young as You Feel," which is showing at the Regal

LITTLE Jean Arthur is always Jean Arthur, the ingénue who suggests masculine protection. Even if she is presented as a married woman, as in "What Wives Don't Want," she is still shown in the same sort of characterisation as she is always given. The picture happens to be a very amusing and somewhat daring matrimonial comedy, but that does not alter my opinion that Jean could do with a change of characterisation.

JANET GAYNOR is destined, it appears, to play the sentimental, love-lorn maiden until further orders. In her latest picture to be released, "The Man Who Came Back," I'll admit they have tried to make a change. But the more it changes the more it seems to remain the same thing. Having put her in a thoroughly sordid story, in which she sinks to the depths, they drag her up with plenty of sentiment and the help of Charles Farrell; he, too, remains true to the type of lover which was inaugurated with "Seventh Heaven."

FOR screen actors are just as pigeon-holed as are the actresses, except in a few instances such as Frederic March, whose talent has been allowed a chance to show itself. In "For the Defence," incidentally an excellent and well-planned criminal law story, William Powell is again presented as the suave and polished man of the world, crooked, but with a heart of gold. Once upon a

One of the few American actresses whom Hollywood has not turned into a "type," Ruth Chatterton, the screen's most versatile actress, almost succumbs to the undeniable fascination of Paul Lukas in "Anybody's Woman"

And they lived happily ever afterwards—perhaps! Godfrey Tearle, as the Big Business Man, forgives his wife (Nora Swinburne) after she has lapsed into infidelity on the Continent. This is the final scene of Michael Arlen's play, "These Charming People," which is now showing at the Plaza. In the background are seen C. V. France and Cyril Maude, who made the picture worth while

It is not so much a question of what is wrong with the car. Lillian Harvey takes Henry Garat's mind completely off business in the sparkling French comedy—with music—"Le Chemin du Paradis," at the Rialto

in his latest production, "Le Chemin du Paradis," he has given us a joyous French comedy full of gaiety, songs and humour, much on the lines of "Le Million."

THE cast is all French except for Lillian Harvey, the charming little English girl who danced her way into the hearts of the Berlin public and then became their idol of the screen. I can do nothing better than recommend you to go to the Rialto and see how a talkie with music should be made. It leaves the average American production absolutely stone cold.

L. C.

time Powell used to be relegated entirely to "villain" rôles. As these have gone rather out of fashion, he now is only tinged with trickery—not steeped in it.

ONE could go on enumerating examples of Hollywood's insistence on type, but I have only taken these few instances because they all appear in films which are released this week. As an exception to the general rule you get an actress like Ruth Chatterton, who has the good fortune, backed by real ability, to get a variety of different parts to play.

IN "Anybody's Woman," for instance, she has a part which is entirely different from anything she has yet appeared in—that of a woman of dubious morals who marries and reforms a drunken lawyer. It may sound a bit familiar and hackneyed, but Ruth Chatterton invests it with real dramatic force.

HERE is just one example of when an adherence to a particular type seems reasonable, and that is "Plunder," a Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce, which is also released this week. I somehow look on that team of mirth-makers as if they were in a serial story. It does not matter what they are called, they still remain the same, and continue a series of laughable adventures.

IT seems to me that if we want originality in films we have to go to the Continent, where, incidentally, a lot of our artists look like finding work. David Hawthorne told me the other day that he was going out to play under Erich Pommer's direction.

Pommer is the European screen genius, and

Lillian Harvey (above) the young English girl who danced her way to the German public's favour and is now doing the same thing here in "Le Chemin du Paradis," a German picture with a French cast

Jean Arthur specialises in sentimental love-making. Hollywood has made her a type that expresses the innocence its pictures lack. She is seen here with Elliot Nugent in "What Wives Don't Want"

Where OLD-WORLD CHARM Still LINGERS

HISTORICAL REMINDERS OF AN ENGLAND THAT IS PAST

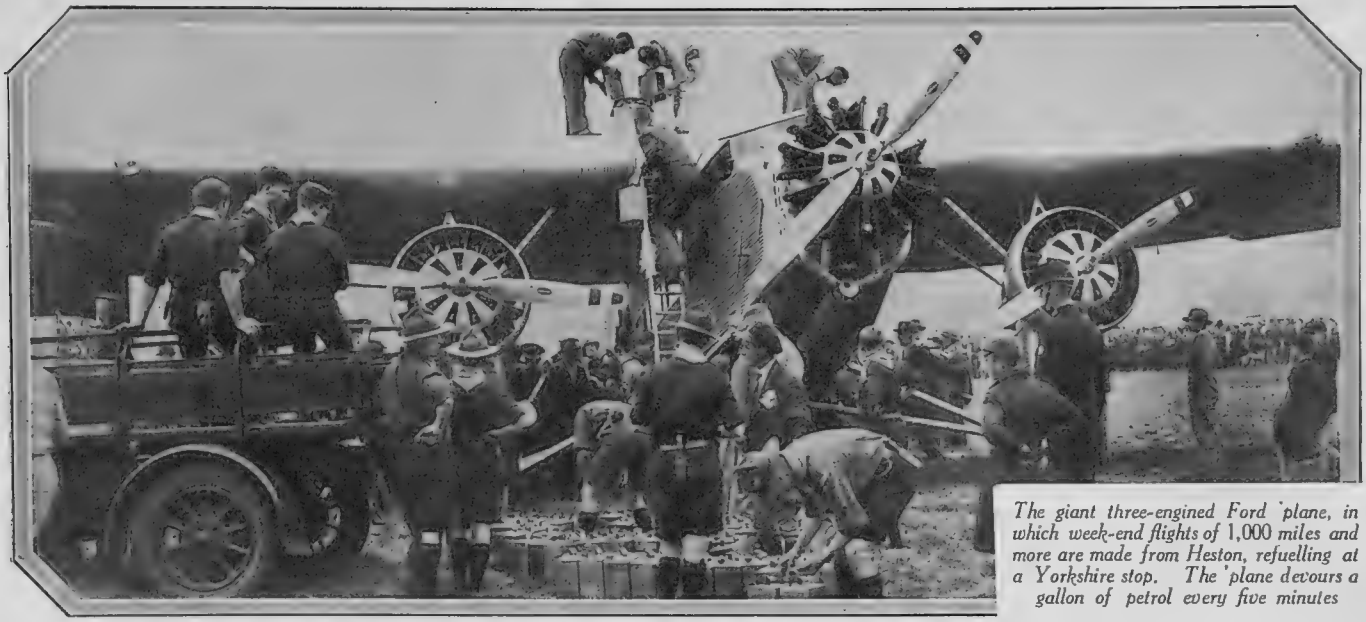
The Old Bridge House at Ambleside, which has only two rooms, the upper one being reached by an outside flight of steps. It dates back to the fifteenth century, when it was used as an apple store

The Harlequin Inn, Steep Hill, Lincoln, one of the oldest inns in England. The building dates from the fourteenth century, but the actual year of its erection is no longer known

Another quaint old inn is the "Nottingham Castle." It stands in St. Michael's Street, Derby, and is said to be over four hundred years old

This little Cheltenham cottage, over five hundred years old, stands in Church Road, Leckhampton. Oliver Cromwell sheltered in it when he raised the siege of Gloucester, three hundred years ago, and it is still inhabited

FLYING NOTES



The giant three-engined Ford 'plane, in which week-end flights of 1,000 miles and more are made from Heston, refuelling at a Yorkshire stop. The 'plane devours a gallon of petrol every five minutes

LEARNING FLYING AT COST PRICE

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Pilot Responsibility

FROM time to time I have referred in this editorial to the desirability of some form of control in connection with flying instruction. In the spring of this year a letter signed by the chief instructors of the principal flying schools and clubs in this country appeared in *The Times*, calling attention to the growing seriousness of the practice of flying instruction being given by unqualified or insufficiently experienced persons.

THAT the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire has had the matter under consideration is well known to everyone connected with aviation, and a document which it has now published should receive the widest publicity and support. The Guild referred the whole matter to a Committee, and as a result of the Committee's report it has decided to issue a Certificate of Qualification open to all those following or adopting the profession of flying instructor.

Every endeavour has been made to keep the expenses of a candidate to a minimum. The Guild will provide examiners who will voluntarily undertake the work without remuneration, and the flying clubs and firms giving instruction will lend aircraft at cost price. The Certificate of the Guild is backed by insurance interests. A Panel of Examiners has already been appointed, the members of which have been given a definite territory.

THE Panel in the first instance will consist of Mr. J. Hooston, Chief Instructor, Scottish Flying Club, for the Scottish area; Mr. A. M. Kingwill, Chief Instructor, Northern Air Lines, North-west area; Mr. A. G. Loton, Chief Instructor, Brough, North-east area; Mr. C. F. Uwins, the Bristol Aeroplane Company, South-west area; Mr. F. W. Reeve, of the De Havilland Company; Mr. V. H. Baker, Chief Instructor of Airwork; Mr. M. Findlay, National Flying Services; and Mr. H. D. Davis, of Brooklands; the last four pilots to control the London area.

The Prince of Wales presenting the Gwynn-Maddock cup to Mr. J. R. Harrison at the Household Brigade meeting at Heston. On the left is Colonel R. V. Pollock

Miss Guest, one of the woman pilots who competed in the race for the King's Cup, numbered her father the Hon. Frederick Guest, among her opponents. The weather conditions were bad

THE Court of the Guild realises, of course, that nothing can or should stop one friend instructing another on a privately owned aircraft, but they consider, and rightly so, that a man who receives payment for professional services should be able to produce evidence of a definite standard of qualification. The certificate will be available to members and non-members of the Guild. The scheme has been laid before the Air Ministry with detailed recommendations for the amendment of existing regulations in order to make the Certificate compulsory. This, too, is as it should be. The following firms have already agreed to co-operate:—Airwork (Heston), the North Sea Aerial and General Transport Co., Brooklands Aviation, Phillip and Powis Aircraft (Reading), Southern Aircraft, National Flying Services, the Liverpool and District Aero Club, the Bristol Aeroplane Company, the Midland Aero Club, the Hampshire Aeroplane Club, Air Service Training (Hamble).

THE scheme came into operation on August 1, 1931, and full information upon the procedure necessary to obtain the Certificate may be obtained from the Clerk to the Guild, 61, Cheapside, E.C.2. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when every instructor practising in the country will be in possession of the Guild's Certificate and every prospective pupil will insist on receiving instruction from an instructor holding this qualification.

* * *

Details of the winning machines and accessories in the King's Cup race will be found on page ii.

GOLF GOSSIP

AMERICAN FAIRWAYS & GREENS

By LIEUT.-COLONEL W. ELWY JONES

ARTHUR HAVERS

One of the two Englishmen to beat their American opponents in the Ryder Cup at Columbus. His opinion of the Toledo course is quoted on this page

I GATHER from Arthur Havers, whom I saw at Sandy Lodge on the day of his return from America, that the Toledo course was by no means a championship course. In order to make it more difficult for the Ryder Cup match the grass on either side of the fairways was allowed to grow so that for the match the fairways were ridiculously narrow, the tees, or many of them, were at an angle to the fairways, and consequently a long and apparently perfect tee shot finished up in the rough. Our men had very little opportunity for practice, whereas their opponents had sufficient time to realise this. Of all the courses he played on Toledo was, in Havers' opinion, the best.

* * *

FROM what he says about the greens I am inclined to think that it is the difficulty of putting on the grass used for American greens which makes their players pay so much attention to this part of the game and makes them better putters than we are. The grass on many greens lies almost flat, and seen head-on looks white and very fast, but actually as one is putting against the nap it is slow. Seen from the other side it appears green and slow, but actually it is much faster. This is not all the trouble. There are other greens where some of the grass lies one way and some the other.

* * *

HAVERS, who has played in America before, says it is difficult for anyone not there at the time to appreciate the heat during the Ryder Cup match. He lost quite a lot of weight, but the rest and good fare on the ship on which the team returned made up for most of the loss by the time they reached home.

* * *

NOT only is Sir John Simon a brilliant advocate, but also an excellent golfer. He and Sir Nairne Stewart-Sandeman were the only two members of the Parliamentary team to win their singles matches against Oxhey.

* * *

THE most popular and latest feature of the Empire Challenge Cup competition at Chertsey was the Totalisator. There is no doubt that it added great interest to the meeting. Sir Thomas Wilford, K.C.M.G., the High Commissioner for New Zealand, presented the cup to the winner, Mr. S. J. Abbott.

* * *

I HEAR that the Prince of Wales is highly delighted at holing out the sixth at Royal Wimbledon in one. This is quite a difficult hole; the bottom of the flag cannot be seen from the tee, the approach to the green is narrow and over a ridge (actually the filled-in dyke of Cæsar's Camp), so that it was an extraordinarily good shot.

Why is it that many players are apt to talk of a hole in one as a fluke? I cannot see this at all. If, instead of finishing in the hole, the ball finished a yard from the tin the same people would agree that it was a good shot. I well remember the first time I did a hole in one being roundly cursed by my opponent for winning the hole with "such a rotten fluke," and he ended up by saying "Here have I been playing for twenty years and haven't had a single one, and yet you do so after only a few years' play."

* * *

DIANA FISHWICK and Kathleen Garnham, the latter one of our most promising young internationals, crossed to France for the opening of the new Hardelot course, near Boulogne. This course cost nearly £25,000 to lay out and should prove one of the best on the Continent. It is picturesquely situated amidst the Hardelot Forest. Miss Fishwick recently played over the new course at Le Touquet and went round in a splendid 79, the bogey here being 80. Miss Garnham did the last nine holes in par.

* * *

THE proficiency of the Japanese at tennis is well known, now they are taking up golf with great enthusiasm. One sees numbers of them playing on courses around London, particularly Sandy Lodge. C. Carter, who is now running a golf school within a stone's throw of Piccadilly Circus, in Lilleywhite's premises in Lower Regent Street, was the only golf professional in the Far East, and is probably responsible for much of this keenness.

* * *

DURING his four years stay in Japan and China he gave an average of twenty-two lessons a day, and tells me that his Japanese pupils were tremendously painstaking and most apt at imitating. Their language contains no words suitable to relieve the feelings of a player who duffs a shot at a critical moment, but I am assured that they readily pick up English swear words—part of the curriculum I suppose.

The Totalisator has not only made its way on to the racecourse, much to the disgust of the "ring," but it is also now to been seen at golf clubs, as exemplified above, the photograph being taken at the Chertsey Golf Club. It is probable that this innovation will be far from popular with "amateur bookies," who are not unknown on the links

---

AN American judge has ruled that caricatures are not insults. Another point of view is that many are not even caricatures.

* * *

A STOCK EXCHANGE official says that business will return to normal "in due course." At last we have something definite to go by

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Navy Cut

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT REGISTERED TRADE MARK

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

N.C.C.53

LAWN TENNIS

WELL PLAYED, ENGLAND!

BY "VOLLEYER"

The pseudonym, "Volleyer," who here comments upon the Davis and Wightman Cup contests, conceals the identity of a player as well known on the Continent as in England

ALTHOUGH the great Davis Cup Challenge Round is over, it is certainly not too late to praise the wonderful effort made by Austin and Perry in their hard-fought singles matches against France's two most famous players, or to comment somewhat unfavourably on the very unfortunate policy of the Selection Committee which in such a crucial moment saw fit to leave out such a fine doubles player as I. G. Collins (who, it is interesting to note, had won all the seven doubles in which he had played in previous Davis Cup matches, partnered by Dr. Gregory).

WHY it should have been thought impossible to play Collins in the doubles, even if Dr. Gregory could not have partnered him, is certainly hard to fathom, and, in the opinion of the leading players and critics of the game, it went a very long way to losing us the match. Collins and Hughes had a good chance against Cochet and Brugnon. Hughes and Kingsley (fine player though we all know the latter to be) had certainly much less.

HOWEVER, let nothing stop us from the very highest praise of our two singles players, Austin and Perry, for they did wonderfully well in very difficult conditions. The French "gallery" in moments such as Davis Cup matches, roar like wild animals at any decision which they think at all doubtful, and, although I cannot help but deplore Perry's unfortunate habit of covering his ears with his hands in order to shut out the noise, I must say that on this occasion he had some justification. It is terribly hard to concentrate under such circumstances, and concentration is particularly necessary in such close matches as these, when only a comparatively few points lie between the winner and the loser.

AUSTIN to-day is a player to be proud of, for he is a player who may do anything, and who may go on to be a real world-beater. I have seen him play since he was a small boy, and, although I have always wholeheartedly admired his beautiful stroke production, I never thought he would ever have the guts (to put it vulgarly) to play the tennis he has produced, especially in the heat, which we all know is one of his worst enemies.

PERRY, too, has more than justified his inclusion in the Davis Cup team this year, and we should be very proud of our Challenge Round against such a fine team as Cochet, Borotra and Brugnon. There are always giants in lawn tennis; and, just in the same way as Laurie Doherty stood out twenty odd years ago, so Henri Cochet does to-day. It makes no odds if he loses sometimes at Wimbledon, for he has got the goods at lawn tennis, and he is, to my mind, the greatest artist at the game existing to-day. With his back to the wall, and the coveted trophy to keep for his country, I would never count a match won against Henri Cochet until the very last point had been played.

I HAVE seen Cochet play a hundred times on the Riviera, at Wimbledon, and elsewhere, but he has never played more brilliantly than in the final stages of the deciding match. Once he has made up his mind to win there is no effort that he cannot make, and no court craft of which he is not capable.

NOW our women's team is on the eve of the Wightman Cup match in America, and, although the pessimists tell us that, with Mrs. Wills-Moody playing again, we shall have small chance of victory, I, as a matter of fact, think that we have a very good chance of bringing back the Cup. Mrs. Moody will certainly win her singles matches, but there is no reason at all why we should not beat her in doubles, as (unless partnered by Miss Ryan) she is by no manner of means unbeatable.

IN singles Miss Betty Nuthall is always at her best in the States. She likes the American "gallery," and they return the compliment. I prophesy that she will give Mrs. Wills-Moody a hard game when they meet, more especially in the American championship, where it is interesting to think of Mrs. Moody as the probable challenger, and Miss Nuthall as the holder.

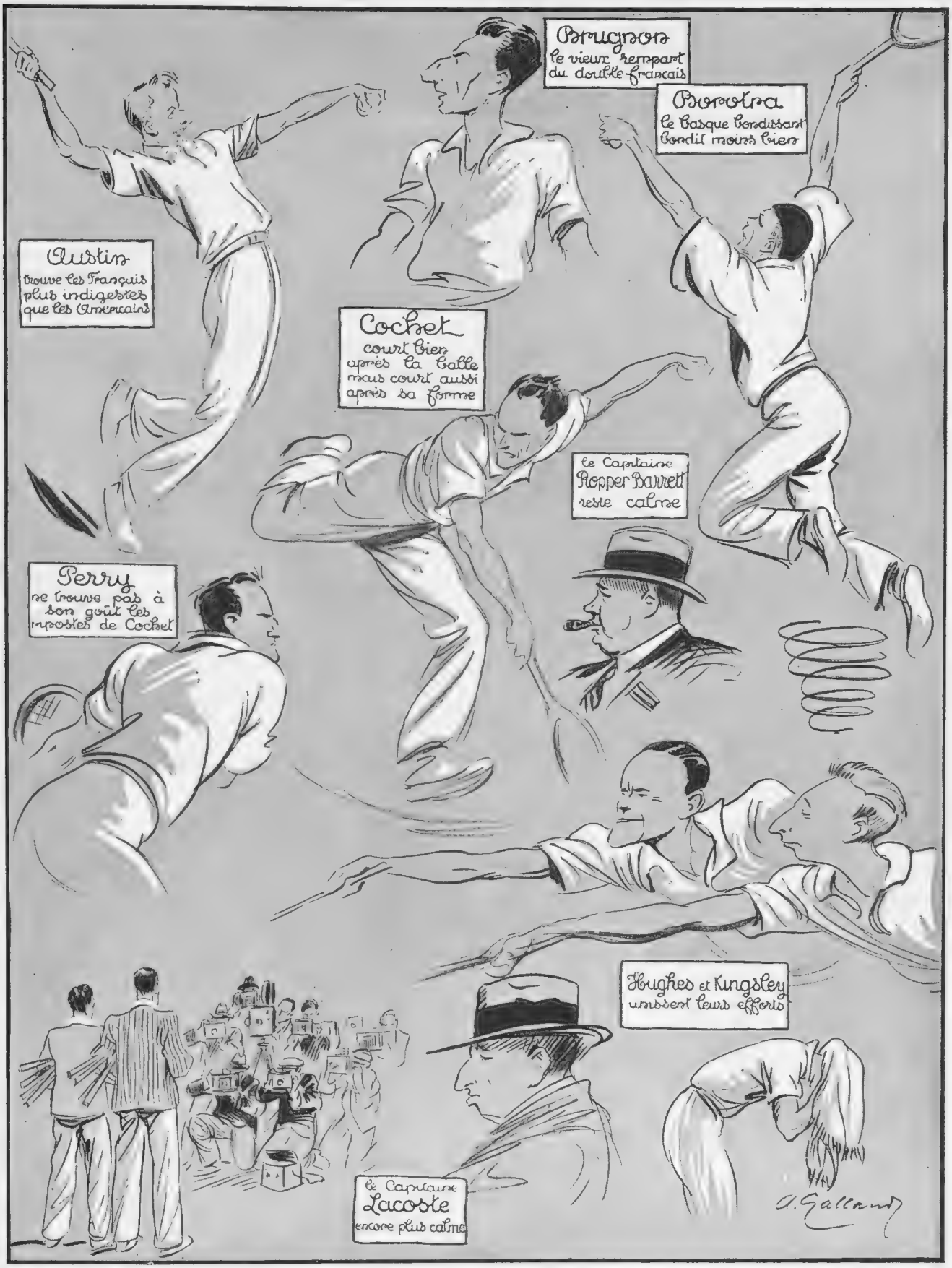
INCIDENTALLY, I should like to put on record that, in my opinion, a great deal of rubbish has been talked about the failure of the Selection Committee to include Miss Scriven in the team for America on account of her fine performance at Wimbledon. This, on the face of it, is absurd, for, fine player as we all know Miss Scriven to be, she has several pronounced weaknesses in her game (for instance, her back-hand and service), besides a lack of experience, which is absolutely essential when such a serious matter as the Wightman Cup is at stake.

I AM expecting great things from our men in America, and I am only hoping that the Selection Committee will do the obvious thing this time and send over, as it most certainly should do, Austin, Perry, Hughes, and Collins. Austin has collected so much more confidence just lately that he might quite well win the American championship at Forest Hills, while Perry (who has certainly never lacked confidence) has gained a whole lot of very valuable experience, and may have almost equally as good a chance as Austin.

TO lose the Davis Cup after such a fine struggle is surely the most honourable of defeats, while if we are successful in winning the Wightman Cup, and achieve honours in the American championships, we can certainly sit back and feel that this has been the best year for English lawn tennis since those far-off days in 1906, when for the last time we were the winners of the Davis Cup.

The man who kept the Davis Cup for France and the man who nearly captured it. Henri Cochet, who defeated H. W. Austin after a strenuous fight in which both showed fine form

DAVIS CUP PLAYERS CAUGHT ON COURT



Our artist in Paris, M. A. Galland, in the intervals of cheering on his compatriots' successful efforts to retain the Davis Cup against the Youth of Great Britain, found time to take notes of the characteristics of the players and respective captains, which are reproduced above. The accuracy of the portraits is guaranteed, but in the exuberance of his delight he has failed to mind his p's and q's, and has added one of the former to Mr. "Ropper" Barrett!

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

ANDRÉ MAUROIS' LATEST PORTRAIT

BY "JUNIUS"

AMONGST the books in Marshal Lyautey's library in his château in Lorraine, close to the high road between Nancy and Strasbourg, is one with this inscription from Princess Marthe Bibesco, "To the Royalist who has given an Empire to the Republic." In these words you have the great Frenchman's life story in a nutshell. Most of us English folk are either very hazy or wholly ignorant of what Marshal Lyautey did for France in Morocco. *Marshal Lyautey* (The Bodley Head: 12*s.* 6*d.*), by André Maurois, makes our continual ignorance inexcusable.

YOU know André Maurois's books—*Disraeli*, one of the most understanding biographies of an Englishman written by a foreigner; and *The Silence of Colonel Bramble*, one of the most faithful portraits of British phlegm, humour and general Britishdom. You will find the same understanding of political situations; the same realisation and understanding of personality and temperament in Maurois's *Marshal Lyautey*.

BORN a Royalist of Royalists—as a captain of Chasseurs, young Lyautey made a pilgrimage to Gorizia, where the Comte de Chambord, titular King of France, was living in exile. "I have just left him," he wrote. "The emotion is such, the stamp so powerful, that I cannot yet recover consciousness of my personality which was surrendered, merged in him, during these hours of grace, the King of France! I have seen him, touched him, heard him . . ."

YET this avid Royalist gave France the protectorate of Morocco; served her in Indo-China, and at a critical moment in the War was summoned from Morocco to be War Minister. You must read André Maurois—excellently translated by Hamish Miles—to learn how the Marshal placated Morocco with all its bitter warring, internecine feuds and difficulties, and bound that big country to France. It was an uphill fight because of the dominant bureaucracy in Paris.

AND when ill-health forced his retirement he landed at Marseilles with no recognition from the Republican authorities, military or civil. They sent excuses. Arrival at his home in Paris, the only official communication awaiting him was "a letter from the revenue authorities requesting him to settle his outstanding taxes without delay."

Marshal Lyautey revived the old-time honour of Marshal of France for Joffre when politics and arms declared that the rugged old general's day was done. He himself received the same honour. But it remains to be seen what his successors will do in Morocco.

VERY temperate temperance people, I'm sure, will roll over and over and over; and even the people who sign themselves "Moderate Drinker," in letters to the newspapers, will be aghast at the absorption of Duggan's "Dew of Kirkintilloch" (otherwise Scotch whisky) by Mr. Glencannon, the engineer of S.S. Inchcliffe Castle.

Mr. Guy Gilpatric tells us all about this bibulous engineer in *Scotch and Water* (The Bodley Head: 7*s.* 6*d.*), who plays the bagpipes in moments of relaxation on a tramp steamer which wanders up and down the seven seas—paintless and disreputable looking—and takes his whisky neat out of the bottle neck. Of course, by common sense and all we have been taught about the ultimate effect on the human system of prolonged and incessant taking of alcohol, one knows the ultimate end of

GUY GILPATRIC

Whose new book, "Scotch and Water," is reviewed on this page. It is published by John Lane, The Bodley Head, at 7s. 6d

Mr. Glencannon. That's Mr. Glencannon's affair. But our affiair is with Mr. Gilpatric. Whisky or no whisky, he has written one of the most amusing books I've read for a long time. Lashings of Dew o' Kirkintilloch in every port, and in between whiles, if you like. But Mr. Glencannon's adventures! And the theft of the gun at Gibraltar to sell to an American millionaire as a "souvenir" is the climax—screamingly and subtly funny.

BUT I venture a word of advice to Mr. Gilpatric. He has so keen a sense of humour, and such an understanding of his sea characters, that I believe he could do something even more amusing than *Scotch and Water* if he neglected the perpetual drink *motif*. Frankly, one begins to get weary towards the end of the book—despite its humour—of the whisky bottle going up to Mr. Glencannon's mouth, ever and anon; anon and ever.

IF you want a real "cowboy" film in the home, read *Saint Johnson* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by W. R. Burnett. So "cowboy" is it, that I wonder if it hasn't been written from a film. Nearly everybody carries "shot guns," and irons; and they use them indiscriminately. There are galloping horses, sheepskin trousers, sombreros, bars and drinking dens, big spars, bandits, horse thieves, and killings galore. The town in Arizona—Alkali—where all this happens, must have been a most uncomfortable and nerve-wracking place to live in. The only difference between this book and a "cowboy" film is that there is no female interest. Wayt Johnson, the hero, tried to "clean up" Alkali. He failed, just as the book fails to interest one. If such things actually happen in Arizona, why should an author take the trouble to record nothing but murder and lawlessness—a gloomy, ugly picture?

SIR LANDON RONALD tells some interesting stories in his recollections, *Myself and Others. Written Lest I Forget* (Sampson Low: 12*s.* 6*d.*). A big concert was given at the Albert Hall on the fiftieth anniversary of its opening. The King and Queen were present. Sir Landon conducted the orchestra, and in the interval was sent for to the Royal box.

"The King seemed somewhat perturbed. Without addressing anyone in particular, but looking straight at me, he suddenly said: 'I do wish that musicians would not play "God Save the King" so quickly. They hurry it through as if they wanted to get it over, and to me it means a great deal, and I look upon it almost as a hymn.' Dead silence on the part of us all. I, who had conducted on this occasion, feeling particularly guilty. And then the King hurriedly added, as if he felt he had hurt some of us, 'Of course, I'm not referring to anyone specially, but am speaking generally, and in particular of military bandmasters, who should know better.'"

THE next day Melba was giving a farewell concert at the Albert Hall, and the King and Queen again were present—a record, Sir Landon says, since he can find no mention of "a reigning monarch going to two concerts in the same hall on two successive days." Again Sir Landon was sent for by the King, who said to him: "'God Save the King' was played well today."

Sir Landon then ventured to tell the King that the only reason why he had ever played the National Anthem quickly was "that King Edward had expressed the wish in the same hall some years before that I should always 'hurry it up.' This seemed to appeal greatly to the King's sense of humour, for he laughed loudly and turned round and repeated what I had said with the greatest enjoyment to those about him."

A most interesting book for all those who care about music.

How to choose a cigarette

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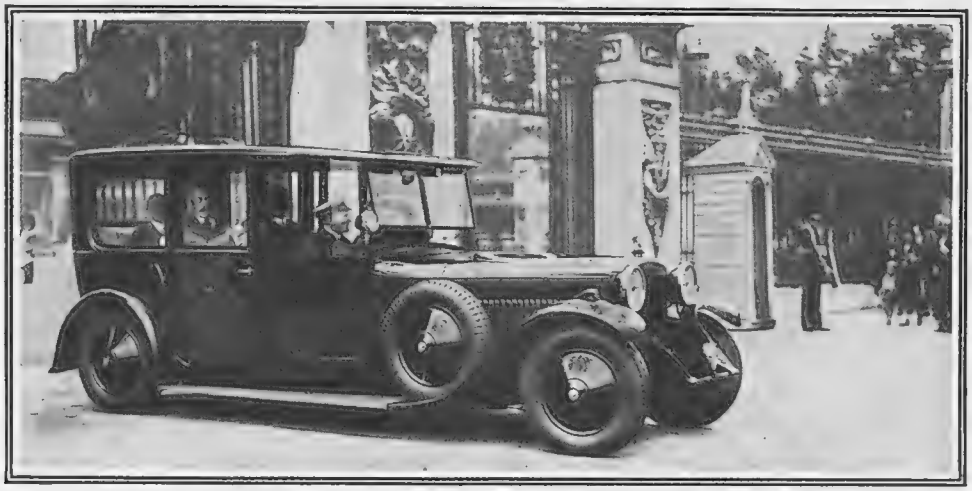
MOTOR NOTES

FAIRY TALES OF FURIOUS SPEEDS

BY E. M. WRIGHT



His Majesty leaving Buckingham Palace in one of his new Daimler Double Six 40/50 cars, fitted with the well-known Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission. The low, graceful lines of the car are a marked improvement on its predecessors

SOME pretty fairy tales are told of average speeds. Yet, frankly, though I know they are fairy tales, I love to hear them. Long after I knew that Jack-the-Giant-Killer never existed, and never could have existed, I continued to be thrilled with the story of his exploits. Every year I am regaled with an account of a friend's homeward journey after the holidays. As his capacity for telling "whoppers" improves, so does the story grow more startlingly improbable. His family saloon has seen more summers than she would care to confess, but she is a sporting old lady, and the older she grows the more skittish she becomes. Last week she averaged over fifty from the Lakes to London, a good three miles an hour faster than her record run from farthest Cornwall last year. If she stays the course, the "Blue Bird" itself will have to look to its laurels!

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IT would be unkind to cast doubts upon these tales of mighty speeds. You know, and your friend knows, that the greatest international cracks' racing cars, that are as perfect as man can make them, can with difficulty average a beggarly seventy miles or so in the Ulster T.T. and other first-class classics. Your cheerful liar knows that he is pulling the long bow, but the promptings of the still small voice of conscience only urge him on to higher flights of imagination. Moralists may rise in their wrath, but to my mind the magnificent lie is the first step towards giving material shape to the "vision splendid" you have conceived.

***

FAIRY tales have their practical uses. When a man boasts of an impossible speed he unconsciously reveals what he would like his car to do. The manufacturer who is satisfied with a maximum of round about 60 m.p.h. should pay particular heed to the owner who boasts of 70. If that manufacturer hears many such stories he would be well-advised to redesign the car till it will do its 70 against the stop-watch. Years ago the motoring Press was flooded with stories of a well-known baby's miraculous turn of speed. It is worth remarking that nowadays a sports version of that baby competes with honour in every classic in the country. The fairy tale has come true. Few motorists want pucka racing cars, but almost everyone wants better all-round performance. There have been whispers that some manufacturers have been known to deceive their customers by setting the speedometer to give a flattering reading. The wiser course would undoubtedly be to modify and tune the engine to deliver extra m.p.h.

IN nine cases out of ten a careful analysis will show that average speed is extraordinarily low. To average 80 m.p.h., even on a racing track would frighten many motorists out of their wits. But to have a car capable of touching 80 at a pinch is an entirely different matter. One can cruise in perfect comfort at over 60, and average a genuine 40 to 50 m.p.h. without fatigue—and without danger. In the majority of cars, however, such an average, if it is possible at all, can only be achieved by overdriving, with consequent acute discomfort to yourself and real risk of damage to the engine. It is also unsafe. For when you attempt to drive flat out you unconsciously resent having to slow down at all. You will find yourself shooting over cross-roads without slackening speed, and rounding corners as fast as you dare. Passing another vehicle going only a little slower than yourself is liable to be a lengthy, and consequently an extraordinarily risky, proceeding, since you cannot make the necessary spurt which will bring you quickly clear of the obstacle.

***

THEREIN lies the value of high maximum speed. You should never know what your car could do if pressed—because you should never need to drive it all out. The secret of high-speed touring is to have this reserve of m.p.h. in hand, and to have a car which will accelerate rapidly and thus deliver those m.p.h. immediately you want them. The higher the car's maximum speed the more comfortable it is to drive at speeds well above normal. Fast driving in a car built for speed is not dangerous. Indeed, I would feel far safer doing well over 60 in a car which I knew could touch 80 than I would in a car travelling at under 50 m.p.h., whose maximum speed was only a few miles an hour more. The high-powered car is under much greater control. It calls for no nursing on your part, and consequently leaves you free to concentrate on the road ahead. You know that the car will pick up quickly after a momentary check. There is thus no urge to recklessness when you are at the wheel. That feeling of power, in fact, merely serves to induce added caution.

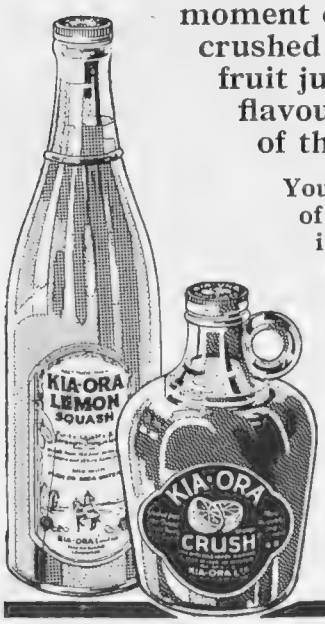
(*Continued on page 312*)

A Singer "Six" owner snapped whilst endeavouring to retie the ribbon with which the Singer "Super-Six" is being towed during one of the events at a gymkhana recently held in Hertfordshire. Members of the Singer Club were specially invited to take part

The 'Sunshine' beverage

... sunshine in every sip

Lemons from sunny Messina, oranges from Valencia . . . sun-saturated fruit, gathered only at the moment of perfect tree-ripeness . . . crushed there and then on the spot . . . fruit juice retaining to the full all the flavour, mineral salts and vitamins of the fruit itself. Such is Kia-Ora.



You will like Kia-Ora—one of the good things of life. Make it your meal-time drink. Offer it to your guests at lunch, dinner and supper. Kia-Ora is the drink without equal for picnics, tennis parties and all outdoor occasions.

Add five or more parts of water to one of Kia-Ora.

Many people prefer Kia-Ora Orange Squash as it is slightly sweeter than the lemon.

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1st Flying Officer E. C. T. EDWARDS Blackburn Bluebird (Cirrus Hermes 1).

2nd & 3rd Fastest time of day and Siddeley Trophy

again won on

K·L·G PLUGS

for the 10th consecutive year!

This crew was not Shanghaied

No one ever had to be press-ganged into going motor-boating. Neither need you shanghai very much from the bank to own a motor boat yourself.

An Elto Outboard Motor and just any dinghy make a craft that can go like a most expensive launch. An Elto converts any rowing boat into a motor boat. Just clamp it on the stern—and sit and steer.

Elto Motors are simple to handle quiet, quick-starting and smooth-running. Models range from 4 h.p. Lightweight up to a 50 h.p. 4-cylinder model. Prices from £25 to £90.

Please send for the Elto Catalogue B31/4 giving full details of 14 different models.

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Elto
OUTBOARD MOTORS

DOGS

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS By Lady Kitty Ritson

I AM all against the practice of "home-doctoring," that is, omitting to call in the veterinary surgeon when there is something radically wrong and trying to cure it with quack remedies. I am always surprised at the mental attitude of the people who do this, for they would not expect to be able by some special dispensation of Providence to make a motor car, or to produce a Paris model dress unless they had studied the matter. But they seem to think that they have an instinct, which will tell them what to do without any technical knowledge of the subject. After all, a veterinary surgeon has studied the animal body and must know more about it than you do, brilliant diagnostician though you may be.

OTHER people call in his assistance and then proceed to take a little of his advice and to mix it with their own ideas, thus making a pretty pot-pourri of inefficiency. If you do call in medical advice, stick to what is ordered and don't try to add a few ideas from the man round the corner. I am not pretending that all vets. are infallible; often they appear to me to be of very little use, but in that case I console myself with the thought that *I* should have been even less satisfactory. You must have a knowledge of drugs before you can tell the effect of them upon the body, and a qualified vet. does possess that knowledge. The average dog-owner has extraordinary ideas on the matter of medicine. I knew a man, who might have been expected to possess a modicum of common-sense, tell me that his dog was feverish, so he was giving him a tonic! Yet he was always inveighing against vets. and their ways.

A BRACE OF BEAUTIFUL ALSATIANS

Susie of Tulchan and her father, Ch. Alfred of Tulchan, both fine specimens bred by Lady Kitty Ritson, who have taken many prizes

BUT, while I am all in favour of calling in qualified assistance when necessary, I do think that many owners make a habit of ringing up their veterinary surgeon on every possible occasion, and for no reason. (By the way, don't get into the habit of thinking that telephonic advice need not be paid for. This is a charming trick of some people.) The conscientious vet. dislikes being rung up for nothing at all, although people who dislike the medical fraternity would have you believe that nothing pleased them better. It is quite possible to keep your dog in good health by noticing any minor symptoms and treating them at once, without allowing the dog to become worse. Naturally, if the animal does not improve, you must call for qualified assistance and that without delay. But it is quite possible that if you had rung up the vet. at once, he himself would have been obliged to await further development of the disease, so if you have acted reasonably and can give him full details he will be greatly assisted in his diagnosis.

DOGS easily catch cold in the eye. See that he is not lying in a draught, bathe the eye with a solution of boracic, and at night apply Golden Eye Ointment. When the vet. has to be called, be ready with the knowledge that he needs —such as—has the dog coughed or been sick, or shivered? Has he pawed his eye? Does he object to light? etc. And having called him in—*trust him.*

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 310)

IN THE NEWS

The Golden Crossley

A choice of engine sizes is nowadays a feature of several leading manufacturers' programmes. In marketing their "Golden" model side by side with their "Silver" one, the Crossley concern can, in fact, offer a choice of large and small power units. I have recently tried the "Golden Crossley." Its engine is rated at 21 h.p., but the car is shorter, smaller and lighter than one would expect in a model of its power. This arrangement has many merits. There is no lack of room, whilst the lighter build of the car enhances its performance. Its top gear performance is distinctly good, and the twin-top gear box gives a genuinely silent semi-indirect third. Easy gear changing is one of the outstanding features of the car; while another excellent chassis feature is the braking system. Both the "Golden Crossley" and the "Silver Crossley" employ the same self-energising braking system. I could not go so far as to say, with the catalogue, that "no better brakes were ever fitted to any car," but I will say that many makers, even of more expensive models, could with advantage take a leaf from the Crossdey book. The de luxe saloon deserves its name. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to mention standard details, such as chromium plating, companions and ashtrays; but they add distinction to the tout ensemble, which sells at the very modest figure of £575.

British Cars in Alpine Trial

By the time this issue appears the great Alpine Trials will be nearing their end, but I hope that the very creditable contingent of British cars will still be going strong. Rileys are well to the fore with an official team of three cars as well as individual entries. Other British entries comprise two M.G. Midgets, a Hillman Wizard, an Armstrong Siddeley and a Talbot—a representative selection, but where are the Austin Sevens? Nevertheless, I am glad to see that British makers are at last beginning to realise the importance of participating in big Continental events, particularly those where reliability and not speed is of first consideration. There is abroad a very general impression that British cars are unsuited to Continental roads, and that terrific climbs are beyond their powers. Hundreds of holiday-makers have proved to their own satisfaction that British cars can go anywhere on the Continent, and it is time that British manufacturers lost their inferiority complex.

The unobtrusive luxury and dignified lines of the new Lincoln car are exemplified in this picture. It was taken in the pretty Warwickshire village of Shottery, famed for its associations with Shakespeare

Driving Licences

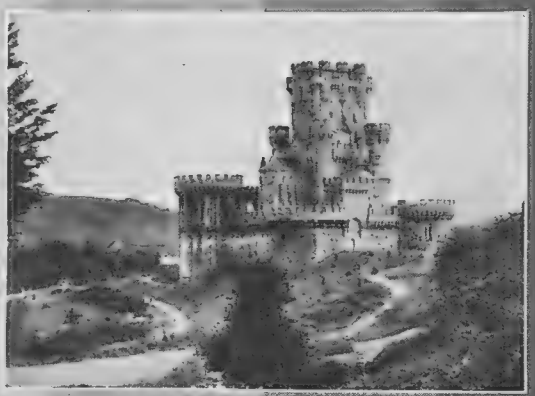
The regulations governing the issue of driving licences to disabled persons have occasioned quite a lot of unnecessary anxiety. The tests imposed do not call for any exceptional driving skill. They are only intended to discover whether a man who has lost, say, an arm or a leg can, in fact, control his car —and there are dozens of instances to prove that with a little practice he can. Novices suffering from a disability which prevent their obtaining a licence in the ordinary way will be granted provisional ones to enable them to learn to drive. The only restriction is that the holder of such a licence must always be accompanied by a fully qualified driver. These provisional licences are only valid for three months, but as soon as the candidates pass the test they will be issued with proper driving licences. E. M. W.

CASTLES OF SPAIN

Avila. General view.

Alcázar of Segovia

Castle of Mombeltrán.



Castle of Butrón.

Castle of Guadamur.

MORE than two hundred command its plains and crown its mountains. Here are some examples.

Castle of Coca.

Castle of Manzanares el Real.

VISIT SPAIN WHERE SUN IS SHINING AND LIFE IS SMILING

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or The American Express or any other Travel Agency.

For The "Twelfth" –and every day of the year

The glorious "Twelfth" will soon be upon us, and let us hope the grouse is strong on the wing. The weather may be perfect—BUT—be prepared.

The Valstar Weathercoat is designed by experts to avoid the handicap usually associated with shooting in a coat. Cut on generous lines, its special "pivot" sleeves enable the gun to "come up" with perfect ease and freedom, and without a suspicion of "drag." Its two-way pocket permits cartridges to be carried dry and got at with a minimum of trouble.

Light to wear or carry, its self-ventilating cloth allows the air to penetrate, and keeps one cool when the going is heavy on the heather when changing butts, and gives perfect weather protection throughout the day. Ask for the Shooting Valstar with the pivot sleeves when ordering.

VALSTARS FOR MEN CAN BE OBTAINED FROM **73/6.**

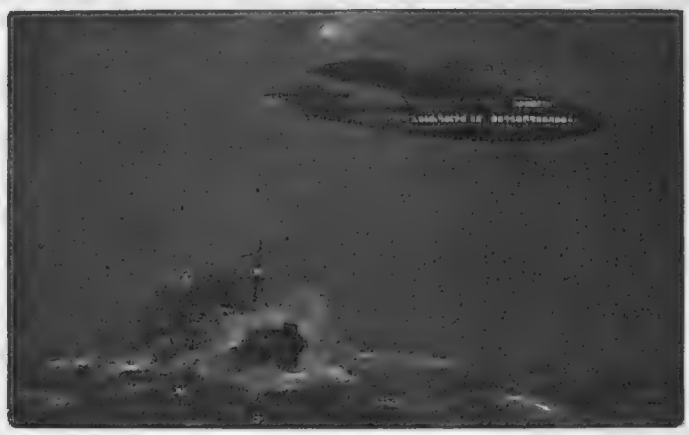
VALSTAR WEATHERCOATS

"FOR ANY WEATHER AND EVERY DAY"

Sold by leading stores, drapers and outfitters. If you have difficulty in obtaining, write to the manufacturers for patterns, name of nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.

J. MANDLEBERG & COMPANY, LTD.
(Dept. B), VALSTAR WORKS, PENDLETON, MANCHESTER

THE NIGHT MAIL



The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY

There are two editions as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only)	..	£2:2:0
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Fashions Fancies

MODISH HATS FOR THE FASHIONABLE PLAGES

A lovely shade of green felt has been chosen for the fashioning of the chef d'œuvre on the left, a graceful ostrich feather being used for its adornment. It comes from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W, and so does the velvet model on the right with its panache of paradise plumage

Double-breasted Coats—Flared Basques—New Silhouettes—Milwata Weatherproofs

Double-breasted Coats

THERE is something particularly attractive about the new short double-breasted coats reinforced with flared basques. They are generally accompanied by neat tailored skirts of the same material and colour. At the moment the scheme is completed with a blouse of a contrasting colour, which, when the neckline is cut in a V, is finished with a miniature vest edged with beads. It is safe to predict that a development of these coats and skirts will be a coat frock that may be worn under a long wrap coat that will have a "slimming" effect. The consensus of opinion is that within the next few weeks there will be a decided change in the silhouette, and that from the waist downwards the "peg-top" effect will be noticeable.

Blouses and jumpers are to-day entirely a matter of line. The model on the left is of white satin enriched with georgette, and the one on the right is of beige crêpe de Chine trimmed with stitching. At the Grande Maison de Blanc, 133, New Bond Street, W.

The Belted Jumper

THE merest zephyr in the modistic world is reflected in the fashions at the Grande Maison de Blanc, New Bond Street, W. To this firm must be given the credit of the chefs d'œuvres pictured on this page. The decorative jumper on the left is of snow-white satin, the flat frills on the corsage and sleeves being of georgette; of course, if preferred it could be worn inside the skirt. The blouse is en-beige crêpe de Chine. Nigger and beige stitching is dowed with a decidedly tailored aspect. It is of requisitioned for decorative purposes.

Milwata Waterproofs

IT is just as well to look facts in the face and to realise that rain will be our portion during the holidays, and that it is unwise to go away unless accompanied by a Milwata weatherproof. The well-known Point to Point has been brought up to date; nevertheless, it has not been robbed of its practical features which have been so popular with men and women all the world over. It is made of a double-texture waterproof fabric with an inverted saddle flap at the back, which affords ample protection and room; it is 49*s.* 6*d.* It is the Buxton model that is pictured on this page; it is available in single and double weight Indiana. As will be seen, it has a stitched belt and useful pockets. The Milwata weatherproofs are sold by all outfitters of prestige. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to the maker, H. E. Mills, 18, Wells Street, who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. A few words must be said about the perfect holiday coat for 14*s.* 11*d.* It bears the Milwata label, and in every way maintains the high standard demanded by this firm.

To say that this weatherproof bears the name of Milwata is the same as stating that it is perfectly practical and practically perfect

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

GOOD-BYE to any sort of little fish that *looks* like a sardine

PENEAU

a real good "buy"

French SARDINES *in olive oil*

FAMOUS FOR OVER ¾ OF A CENTURY · *EST^D 1844.*

UNIVERSAL HAIR Co.
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16 in. ..	5/9	22 in. ..	15/9
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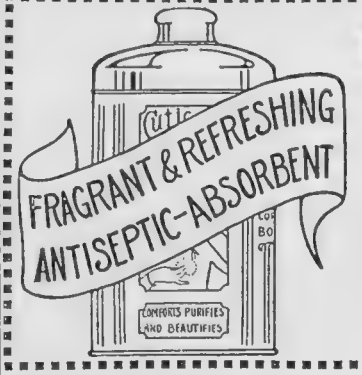
DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.



Cuticura Talcum
for the
Toilet and Nursery

It is cooling and it is soothing. Pure and delicately medicated, **Cuticura Talcum** is ideal for every member of the family; for Baby after the bath, for Mother as a finishing touch to her toilet, and for Father after shaving.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

One of the new Tweed Ensembles for Autumn at Switzers.

Switzers
GRAFTON ST., DUBLIN

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Œufs Brouillés en Tomates.

Mousse de Jambon.
Epinards à la Crème.

Crêpes à la Française.

Champignons sur Croûtes.

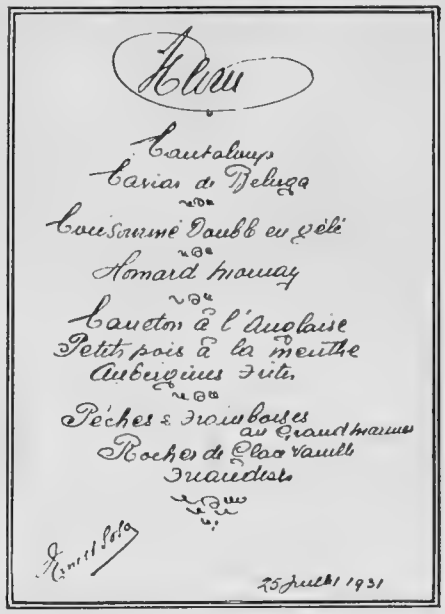
Café.

Œufs Brouillés en Tomates

Choose four ripe tomatoes of the same size and remove the stalks. Cut each in half crossways; take out the core and pips and fry the tomatoes lightly in butter. Beat up three eggs and add a tablespoonful of cream, also about a tablespoonful of chopped pimentos and half an ounce of butter. Season to taste, and stir over the fire till it is creamy and just setting. Have ready some rounds of buttered toast, and after filling each half tomato with the egg mixture, place on the rounds of toast and serve.

Mousse de Jambon

Take 4 oz. of lean veal cut into slices and pound it in a mortar. When this is smooth add 8 oz. of cooked ham in the same way. Beat up three egg yolks, mix with three or four tablespoonfuls of good white sauce and add this to the veal and ham. When thoroughly mixed, rub all through a fine sieve, add half a gill of cream, seasoning, the whipped whites of two eggs. Place the purée into a buttered mould, and steam for an hour. When done, turn out on to a hot dish and pour over a rich white sauce, which has had a few drops of lemon-juice added.



A typical Piccadilly Hotel dinner served recently in the Louis XIV Restaurant. The menu has been signed by M. Ernest Soso, the Maître d'Hotel

Epinards à la Crême

Wash the required amount of spinach carefully, put it on the fire in a saucepan with very little water and salt; when done, strain and chop it up very fine. Warm 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, put the spinach in, and stir till the moisture quite evaporates; then add a very little salt, a little castor sugar, a little nutmeg, a pinch of flour, and one large tablespoonful of cream, and let the whole simmer for a quarter of an hour. Turn out and garnish with fried croûtons.

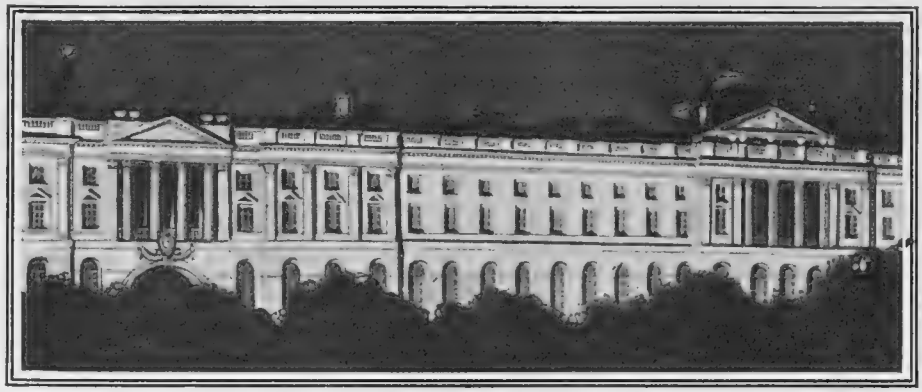
Crêpes à la Française

Put 3 oz. of sifted flour into a basin, make a well in the centre, add a pinch of salt and 1 oz. of castor sugar, and stir in half a pint of milk. Mix well and then stir in one by one four eggs, well beaten; continue beating the batter for ten minutes or more. Melt ½ oz. of butter in a pan, pour in a fourth part of the batter, and bake in a good oven for fifteen minutes. Slit open the pancake and place one or two tablespoonfuls of jam inside. Close the aperture and return to the oven for another five minutes. Place on a hot dish and sift powdered sugar over. Make the rest of the batter into pancakes in the same way.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

For the Photographer

Everybody recognises that photography to-day is a far simpler thing than it was, say, in our boyhood days. Few, however, really appreciate how extremely easy it is. This question is forced upon us by the receipt of a booklet, "Essentials in Photography" in the twelve small pages of which are summarised the essentials of modern photography. It will be a revelation to all who consider photography difficult and to those who are content to leave its most fascinating stages to someone else. Increased pleasure at decreased cost will result from following the methods advocated in this booklet. Perhaps none but Burroughs Wellcome and Co. could condense so much into twelve pages, but then they are adepts in the art of compression, as witness the "Tabloid" products for which they are famous. The booklet is fascinatingly artistic, as everything photographic deserves to be, but it is also intensely practical, and should certainly not be missed by the keen photographer. A copy can be obtained gratis by application to the publishers, addressed G.P.O., Box No. 213A, London, E.C.1.



The façade of Somerset House, facing the Thames Embankment, as it will appear when flood-lighted by the Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, during the International Illumination Congress to be held in London next month. The effect will be as though the setting sun had singled out this historic old building whilst leaving the surrounding structures in darkness

Right to a Tea

Of more than mere passing interest to the average man and woman is a most instructive and clear little book, "A Treatise on Tea," from the pen of Mr. G. H. Harden, an authoritative writer on the subject of tea, and one of the directors of the famous firm of Messrs. Harden Bros. and Lindsay, of 30-34, Mincing Lane, London, E.C., whose Doctor's China Tea is drunk and enjoyed the world over. In his treatise, which is sold at 2s., and is obtainable from the above-mentioned address, Mr. Harden traces the history of tea drinking in this country and demonstrates conclusively that although black China tea, with its freedom from tannic acid, is in no way injurious, teas from other countries are harmful, especially when allowed to brew for long. He also describes the best way to prepare black China tea for consumption, and the treatise also contains a history of tea and two articles from well-known medical men on China tea from a diatetic standpoint.

On the Riviera

Visitors to the Riviera, where the summer season is now in its stride, are increasing daily, and all the leading hotels have been filling up apace. Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Carlton at Cannes were Mr. Walter Prideaux, Mr. N. Butler, and Mr. Edward Collingwood, all of London; Mme. Blanche Bouquet, Mme. Brighton, M. Edmond Porges, M. and Mme. Alexandre Estrugamon, and Mr. and Mrs S. E. Summerfield from New York.

The King's Cup

Flying Officer E. C. T. Edwards, who won the King's Cup Air Race in a "Bluebird"-Hermes, and Flight-Lt. F. G. Gibbons who was second in a "Spartan"-Hermes, both used K.L.G. plugs in their machines, which were lubricated with Wakefield Castrol oil. Lieut. G. Rodd, R.N., who, in a Puss Moth, completed the course in the fastest time, also used K.L.G. plugs, which have been fitted in every winning machine since the race was inaugurated.

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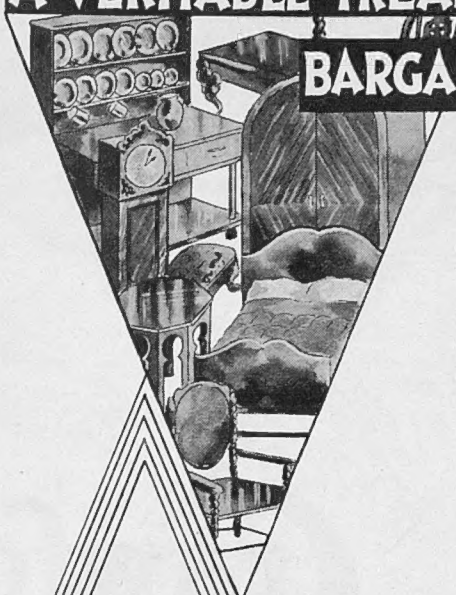

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P.M.
1.15 Edinburgh, Glasgow.
A.M. **Sundays**
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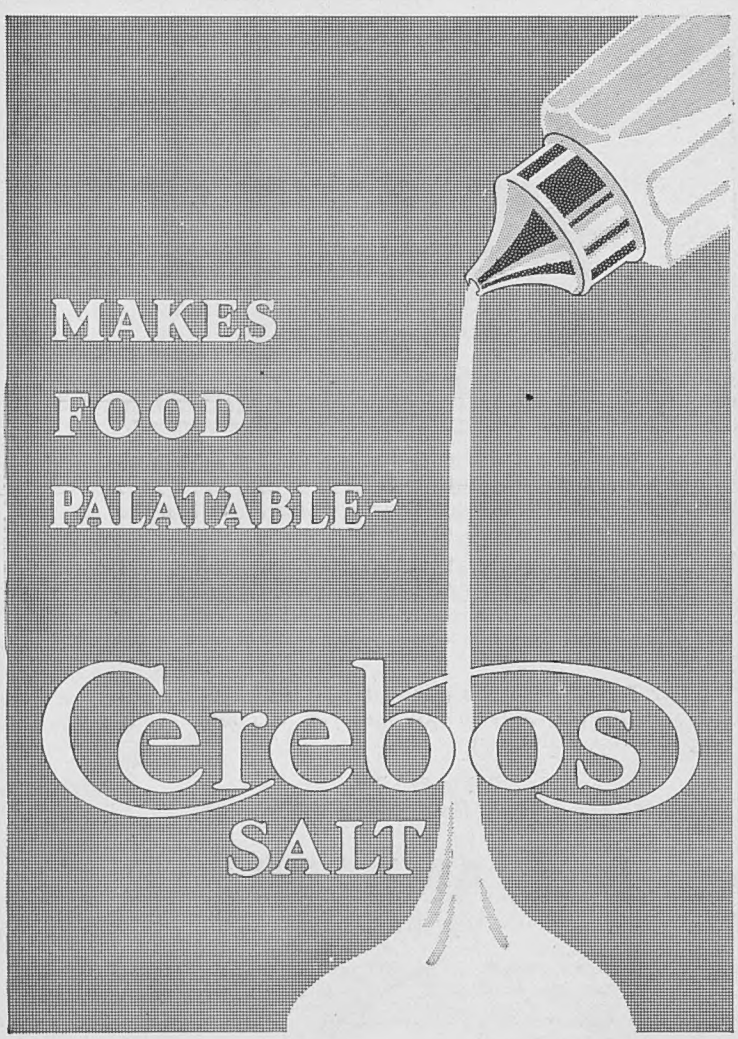

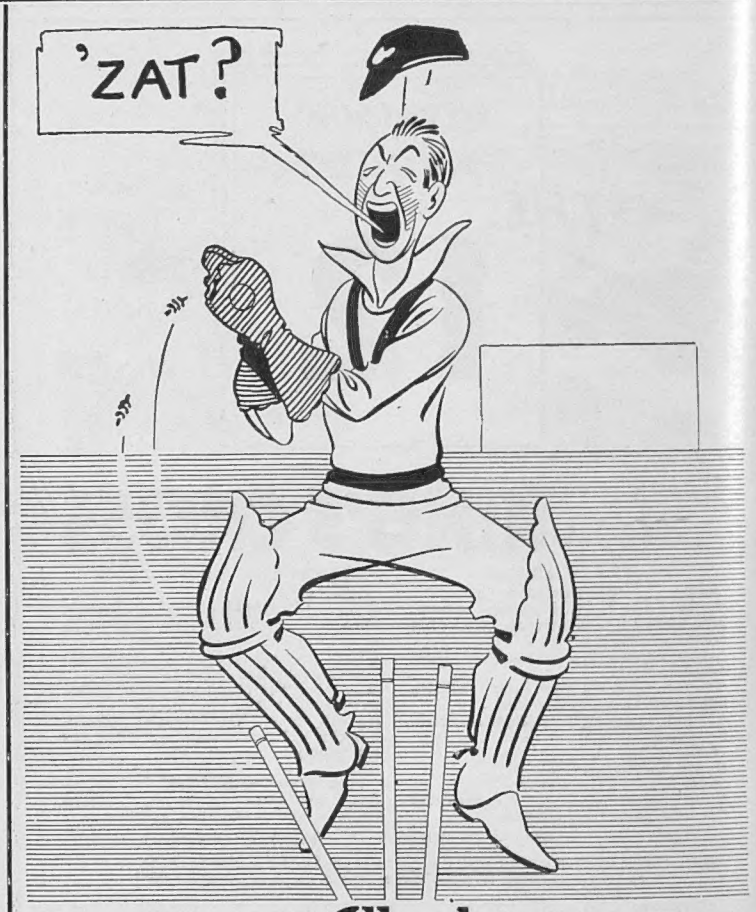

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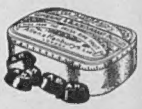

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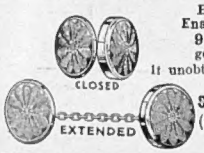

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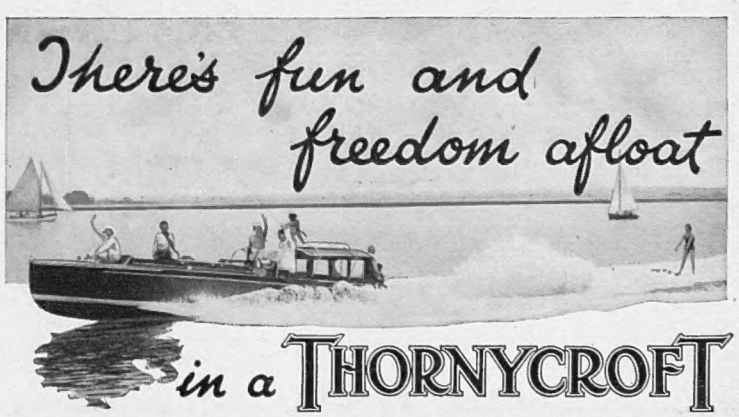

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